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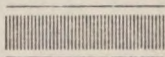




MODERN POEMS

for

MODERN PEOPLE



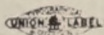
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By

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BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA
R. R. 1

BISMARCK TRIBUNE, STATE PRINTERS



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
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REPLACEMENT COPY

Humorous Poems

SIGNS OF SPRING

Birds are singing gayly,
Chickens start to lay,
Wild geese northward flying,
Longer grows the day;
Farmers busy plowing,
Breezes softly blow, 
Boys are running barefoot—
Spring is here, you know.

Raindrops softly falling,
Little lambs at play,
Grass is turning greener,
Every one feels gay;
Crows are loudly calling,
In the distant wood,
Spring is surely here at last—
Gee, but you feel good.

Winter days are over,
All the snow is gone;
Bees are loudly buzzing,
Hark! The robin's song;
Hear the bluebird saying
In his voice so clear,
"Hurry up, you luggerheads,
Merry Spring is here.

Little flowers come peeping
Just above the ground,
Boys a-playing marbles
On the streets are found;
Trees are softly swaying,
Soon will burst in leaf,
Along comes the assessor,
And turns our joy to grief.

CHANGED

When Papa was a little boy,
He must have been a perfect joy,
So generous and kind;
With other boys he'd never fight,
He never came home late at night,
Was ever quick to mind.

Pa never pulled poor pussy's tail,
To hear her loud and angry wail,
Nor threw stones at a frog;
He always went to bed at eight,
And never asked to sit up late,
He never hurt his dog.

Then papa always spoke the truth,
In those days of his tender youth;
A lie he never told,
He was the best boy in the school
He never broke the teacher's rule,
She never had to scold.

To hear Pa talk he must have been
A perfect little angel when
He was a kid, and yet,
When e'er I look at him today,
I've only got this much to say,
He's changed a lot, you bet.

BEING LIKE GEORGE

George Washington, when but a lad,
Chopped down a cherry tree,
He had a hatchet, bright and new,
And sharp as it could be.
Now Georgie was a truthful lad,
Was never known to lie,
So when they asked: "Who did that job?"
He quickly answered "I".

How proud his father felt of him;
He said with tearful eye,
"I'd rather lose a thousand trees,
Than that my son should lie."
'Twas thus he lived all through his life,
He always told the truth;
Somehow I've always envied him,
When reading of his youth.

One time I thought I'd be like George,
And so I started in,
Chopped down my father's cherry tree,
Then waited 'round for him
To come and see what I had done.
Then pat me on the head,
And say, "I'm proud of you, my son,"
Like Georgie's father said.

But my dad acted different,
He said with angry eye,
"Who cut down my best cherry tree?"
And as I answered "I"—
He quickly grabbed me by my coat,
And thrashed me good and hard;
For telling him the honest truth,
I got some great reward.

I've often tried to be like George,
In telling truth, but pshaw!
If I would prosper in that plan,
I should have had his pa.
From playing pranks on Sister's beau,
To stealing pumpkin pie.
Gosh! If I want to save my hide,
I've simply got to lie.

WHEN MA MAKES PUMPKIN PIE

There's a spicy odor floating,
Out upon the morning air;
Of a lot of good things baking.
You can smell it everywhere.
And it makes us all feel hungry,
'Cause this is the reason why,
We know Ma is awful busy
And she's making pumpkin pie.

Oh the pumpkins, big fat fellows;
We have stored them in the barn,
Covered up with hay so careful,
So the frost can do no harm;
When we smell that spicy odor,
To be extra good we try,
For we know the best one always
Gets the biggest hunk of pie.

When it comes upon the table,
'Tis a grand sight to behold,
With its crust so crisp and tender,
And its top of yellow gold;
As Ma cuts it there is silence.
Then we pass our plates, oh my;
Each of us is awful busy,
Eating up that pumpkin pie.

Some folks may prefer the apple
Others say the mince is best;
But the king of pies where'er you go,
In north, south, east or west,
Is the glorious yellow pumpkin pie;
The prize he always takes,
That is, if he is like the ones,
My mother always makes.

A SPEEDY WOOING

Good Deacon Smithers needed a wife,
To help to cheer his lonely life;
A bachelor was he.

"I'll go and see Miss Mandy Brown
She's far the best girl in the town
And see if she'll have me."

He saddled up his old gray mare,
Then dressed himself with greatest care,
And galloped down the lane.
He rode up to Miss Mandy's home,
And found her sitting all alone,
At once she did exclaim.

"Why Deacon Smithers, how d'ye do,
I'm surely glad sir, to see you,
Come in and have a chair;
Dear papa is not home today,
And mamma, too, has gone away;
But then, what do we care?"

"Miss Mandy," said the deacon low,
"I've known you twenty years, or so,
And you have known me, too.
I've called on you today, my dear,
To ask a question, full of fear,
That's old, yet ever new."

"Will you be mine?" the deacon said,
His face had turned a fiery red;
For he was very shy.
Miss Mandy opened wide her eyes,
It was a very great surprise.
And softly said, "Oh, my!"

Then Deacon Smithers bolder grew
The very first thing that he knew,
He'd kissed her once, then twice;
And Mandy with a happy smile,
A-sitting on his knee the while,
Said: "Henry, that was nice."

They sat there for an hour or more,
Till mamma opened wide the door;
And papa was behind.
"Why Mandy Brown," her mother said,
"I surely thought I had dropped dead
Or suddenly gone blind."

"To think as old a girl as you
Would act the way we saw you do,
Now, don't you feel ashamed?"
The deacon rose up with a grin
And said: "It isn't any sin,
Nor should we two be blamed."

"For love will come to young and old
And so dear madam do not scold,
'Twill fell our hearts with sorrow;
I've lived alone just long enough
And so this isn't any bluff
Our wedding is tomorrow."

SISTER SUSIE'S BEAU

My sister Susie has a beau,
He keeps a grocery store,
His name is Jeremiah Smith,
He's six feet high, or more;
He comes to see her Sunday nights,
An' always stays for tea.
When he's aroun' I've got to act
As good, as good can be.

Some times he brings me candy, too,
But not the kind he brings
To Sister; hers is all fixed up
With chocolat', nuts an' things
While mine is mostly candy hearts
Or such cheap junk as that;
It goes to show that he ain't wise
To treat a boy like that.

One time I thot I'd have some fun;
While snoopin' 'round I found
Some of this stuff called Stickemfast,
An' scattered it around;
Upon each chair I put a sheet,
Upon the sofa two
I heard 'em comin' an' lit out
To see what they would do.

They sat down on the sofa,
An' they sat down kind of quick,
An' well you know that Stickemfast
Is guaranteed to stick;
Ma hollered to 'em: "Come to tea,"
'Twas then that dude arose,
With that there sheet of sticky stuff
A-stickin' to his clothes.

An' sister, too, her bran' new dress,
Was certainly a sight,
An' when Pa saw what had occurred
I thot he'd die outright.
They pulled upon that sticky sheet,
But like that old maid's plaster,
"The more they tried to pull it off,
The more it stuck the faster."

Poor Sister had to change her dress,
Her other one was spoiled,
And Jerry seemed to see the joke,
But inwardly, just boiled;
I saw him look aroun' at me,
As if he knew that I
Was all to blame for his mishap,
Dumb anger in his eye.

I guess he knew who did that job,
But couldn't say so. My!
I'll tell you I was innocent,
I told a whoppin' lie;
Said that I wasn't nowhere roun'
And only just came in.
But all the same 'twixt you an' me
I'll keep away from him.

NEVER AGAIN

"The farmer leads an easy life,
He's far away from care and strife,"
Thus quoted Hiram Boggs;
"I'll sell my grocery and barn,
Go out and buy myself a farm
And start to raising hogs.
With bacon sixty cents, oh gee,
The farm's the very place for me."

So he sold his property in town,
And bought a farm from Ezra Brown,
Then moved himself and wife
Out in the country broad and free.
"I'm happy as a lark," said he,
"This is the merry life,
A farm's the place for a chap like me,
The only place you can happy be."

He sowed his seed in early spring
While little birds did sweetly sing;
In woodland, glen and field,
He sowed his seed but all in vain,
There came a drouth it wouldn't rain,
He got a scanty yield,
Of bushels two each acre grew,
The farmer's profits then he knew.

His hogs took cholera and died,
He lost a team of bays, his pride,
A fire burnt up his hay;
The beetles got upon his spuds.
With paris green and soapy suds,
He sprayed them every day;
The cutworms got his early corn,
He poisoned hoppers night and morn.

The chickens which he thot would lay
So many dozen eggs a day,
He found laid but a few;
His cows went dry in summer's heat,
They couldn't find enough to eat,
So what else could they do?
Boggs called himself a "crazy dunce"
And vowed to sell the place at once.

So he sold his farm to Silas Green,
A happier man was seldom seen
When he moved back to town;
Bought back the grocery and barn
He'd sold to get that blessed farm,
Then quickly settled down.
"A farm may suit some folks," quoth he,
"But never, never again for me."

THE NEW PHONOGRAPH

Pa went to town the other day
An' bought a new machine;
One of the kind called phonograph,
You'd ought to hear it sing,
All that you do is wind it up,
Then put a record on,
An' you can have just what you like—
A march, a dance or song.

Each evening when the sun has set
An' all the work is thru,
The neighbors come to visit us
An' hear the music, too.
Then when it plays some good ol' tune
Like "Comin' Thru the Rye,"
You can't sit still no longer,
An' it ain't no use to try.

Then Pa will holler good an' loud
"We're goin' to have a dance,"
Ma moves the chairs an' table out,
An' while I've got a chance,
I steal across to my best girl
An' then, well, pretty soon,
You'll see us an' the other folks,
A-waltzin' 'round the room.

Sometimes we dance till four o'clock,
The hours pass swiftly by;
Since we have got that phonograph
How time does seem to fly.
Before, well, 't isn't any lie,
That at the hour of eight
Pa'd always say: "I'm goin' to bed,
It must be awful late."

But now it's mighty different,
For when the clock strikes ten,
Pa's sure to say: "Well look at that,
The clock is fast again.
You say it's not? Well then, perhaps,
That I have counted wrong,
Well, then before we hit the hay
Let's have another song."

If time hangs heavy on your hands,
An' you don't know what to do,
If you get lonely every night
When your evening chores are thru,
If you want something that will make
You happy every hour,
Just buy a phonograph an' try
Its wonder making power.

SMILE

If the day seems long,
An' things all go wrong,
An' you're feelin' kind of blue,
Just try to smile
For a little while
And see what it does for you.

Greet with smiles, each day,
All who pass your way;
With a cheery "how dy'e do"
An' you'll surely find,
All the world is kind
For they'll smile right back at you.

An unkind word
Should not be heard
From our lips the whole day long;
A bright smile, or jest,
Is by far the best,
Or the snatch of a merry song.

For a cheery smile
Makes you feel worth while,
And you know you are sure to win.
So just try my cure,
Sorrow can't endure,
When a sunny smile comes in:

THE DEAR OLD FARM

I read a piece the other day
That made me kind of warm,
It told about the money made,
Upon the dear old farm.
It said the farmers all were rich,
Excepting those who shirked,
And 'lowed we'd all been millionaires
If harder we had worked.

It spoke of softly lowing kine,
And fields of new-mown hay,
Of how the chickens always laid
So many eggs a day.
It mentioned fields of golden grain,
Fruit hanging on the vine,
And written down in words like that
The "dear old farm" sounds fine.

It said the farmer is a king,
The monarch of the land,
It told of lovely sylvan dells,
Great trees on every hand.
It said the farmer owed no one,
Looked each man in the face,
Called him the son of honest toil—
A credit to his race.

Well, what that fellow didn't know
Of farming was a lot;
And when he said "he owes no one,"
It hit a tender spot.
Here I've been working twenty years,
From dawn till set of sun,
And find that I have even less
Than when I had begun.

I'm far behind with all my Lills,
I owe a lot of rent,
This dear old farm is mine no more,
I haven't got a cent.
One year the crop was all hailed out,
The next three years were dry;
But still a fellow had to eat,
Unless he wished to die.

Yes, I'll admit when written out,
In poetry or rhyme,
And fixed up with high sounding words
The "dear old farm" seems fine;
But if you do not love to work,
With strong and brawny arms,
Take my advice and stay away
From all those "dear old farms."

POPPIN' CORN

Ain't it fun to sit and watch
The corn while it is poppin'?
Turnin' into snowy flakes
That look like fairies hoppin'.
Here an' there an' everywhere,
An' you must keep a-stirrin'
Until the corn is all popped out
Or soon it would be burnin'.

I never will forget the time
When I was sparkin' Lizzie;
Her curly hair an' laughin' eyes
Just made a fellow dizzy.
I was a very bashful boy,
An' tho my heart was burnin'
With love for her, I said no word
But just sat there a-yearnin'.

Now, Lizzie was a-poppin' corn,
And said while two eyes glistened,
"That corn is sayin' somethin', John,
You'd hear it if you listened."
"Pop, Pop", came from beneath the lid,
I up an' popped the question;
She answered "yes" an' whispered low,
"That corn taught you a lesson."

PUZZLED

I learned in my geography
The world is big and round;
And then some awful funny things,
About it I have found.
It turns around once every day,
And how I wish I knew,
If while the world is turning
All the people turn 'round, too.

Just think how funny it would seem,
To go upstairs to bed
And in the morning I should wake
A-standing on my head.
If houses all turned upside down,
And dogs and chickens, too,
Each time the old world turned around
What would the people do?

I guess the guy who wrote that book,
Did not know very much;
Or he would never say such things,
To put us all in dutch;
For if the world was really round,
And turned 'round every day,
We would have rolled off long ago
That's all I've got to say.

FISHIN' TIME

Say, Johnnie, where's the can of bait?
An' where's the hook an' line?
I cannot find the ol' fish-pole
You had the other time.
Don't stand aroun' an' look at me,
But mind just what I say;
It's cloudin' up an' looks like rain,
The fish will bite today.

I never did see such a boy
For losin' things he's had;
You find that tackle pretty quick
Or you will wish you had.
I'm goin' now, I'll soon return
With a fine string of fish;
We'll ask the Jones' in to dine
And have a royal dish.

Well, I've got back; I'm plumb tired out
An' hungry as a bear;
I've traveled over twenty miles,
An' fished 'most everywhere.
I knew before I started out
That things would not go right,
I've fooled away a whole long day
An' never got a bite.

THE GOBLIN

Sometimes I am naughty,
An' bad as can be,
Then this is the tale
That my nursie tells me.
There's a little brown goblin
Lives down in the wood;
An' catches all children
Who will not be good.

He'll beat you, an' bite you,
An' scratch you each day,
An' he's always aroun',
So you can't run away;
An if you just tried to,
Away he would fly,
An' he'd carry you up
To the top of the sky.

An' then, nursie says,
When the rain's fallin' down
It's the tears of those children
That goblin has foun'.
An' they cry, an' they cry;
But no good it will do,
'Cause they're up there to stay
So don't let him get you.

THE MAN BEHIND

The other day I read some verse,
About the man behind;
It said he was the smartest chap
That you could ever find;
It praised him way up to the skies,
You know how poems go—
Allowed he was the only one,
Who always had the dough.

Well sir, that sounded queer to me
For I have always found,
The fellow who is far behind,
The slowest chump around.
And as for having money,
I will say that is no go,
For you will find the man behind
Has never got the dough.

He putters 'round a-wasting time,
His chores are never done;
Ere he turns 'round a dozen times,
Another day has gone.
His home is but a sorry shack,
Needs fixing up and paint;
The weeds are growin' everywhere,
I'm dog-goned if they ain't.

The man behind goes on his way,
And soon he's bent and old,
Then lies a pauper in his grave;
His tale is quickly told:
He stayed behind while all the rest
Pressed onward to the goal,
His race was all too quickly run,
Peace be unto his soul.

Now, you can bet the man behind,
Is not a friend of mine;
If you depend on him for help
You'll get left every time:
And when you're needin' him the worst
He's never to be found.
You bet your life the man behind's
The bummiest guy around.

So that is why I'm wonderin'
Why he was put in rhyme,
When there are many worthy chaps
Why praise the man behind?
So I'll suggest to that there chap,
Who wrote that piece: Instead
Of praising up the man behind
Speak of the man ahead.

THANKFUL

Ma's busy makin' pumpkin pies,
An' Sister's mixin' cake;
An' Grandma's stayin' at our house,
She's helpin' 'em to bake,
Just lots an' lots of jelly tarts,
An' ginger cookies, gee!
It surely is a dandy sight,
For kids, like me, to see.

The turkey gobbler, that's shut up,
Down in the ol' red shed,
Is gettin' fatter every day,
He's always gettin' fed;
But I know what's the reason,
Everyone is kind to him,
Thanksgivin' Day will soon be here,
An' he'll get roasted then.

Just think how fine that bird will taste.
With cranb'ry sass an' pie;
An' a plum puddin', big an' roun',
It almost makes me sigh,
That I must wait two whole long days,
Till I can get my fill;
But when Thanksgivin' Day is here,
Just keep yer eye on Bill.

Then Uncle Si, an' Auntie Jane,
Are comin' here from town,
In their nice bran' new auto-car,
They'll take all of us down,
To hear the parson tell about
Our many blessin's here,
An' why we have Thanksgivin' Day
This time in every year.

Now Grandma says that boys like me
Are old enough to know,
Of how the Pilgrims left their homes
So many years ago

An' landed here on Plymouth Rock,
One cold an' stormy day;
An' set apart one day each year,
In thankfulness to pray.

But I don't know so very much,
'Bout history, an' so.
I cannot get the story right,
Like Grandma does, you know,
But I do know that I'm thankful.
If you don't believe it—then,
Just hand aroun' that turkey,
An' pass the pie again.

HOG KILLING TIME

Along about this time of year,
When frost is in the air,
You think about the big fat hog,
You're fattening out there,
And say: "Put on the boiler, ma,
And I'll hunt up the knives,
We'll butcher him tomorrow morn';
He eats enough for five."

"Tomorrow morn'" dawns clear and cold,
The water's boiling hot;
You hunt your trusty rifle
And go out and take a shot;
A shot is fired, a squeal is heard
Upon the morning air;
And Mr. Porker takes his leave;
You missed him fair and square.

You chase him all around the farm,
At last you get a pail
Of feed, and when he comes up close,
You grab him—by the tail.
He jumps and tries to get away,
But still you hold, and so
He drags you thru a barbed wire fence,
Before you can let go.

Anon the neighbors come to help,
You get him killed at last;
And with his hide scraped good and clear,
One porker's days are past.
And when he's ready to be ate,
Just at the set of sun,
You look at him and softly sigh,
"I'm glad that job is done."

HALLOWE'EN

Oh, Hallowe'en will soon be here,
An' gee! but I am glad!
But I know lots of other folks,
Who'll soon be awful mad.
We kids will play all kinds of pranks,
Upon our neighbors dear,
An' as you cannot go along,
Just listen an' you'll hear.

We'll take the signs in town all down,
An' change them all around;
An' then some mighty funny things,
Will on the streets be found.
We'll take a spool an' notch the ends—
I learned that from the boys—
When pressed against a window pane,
It makes an awful noise.

We'll get a lot of pumpkins,
An' make jack-o'-lantern, gee!
With fiery eyes an' grinning mouth,
They look fierce as can be.
We'll buy us all false faces,
Then each one get a sheet,
An' dressed in it look just like ghosts,
A-walkin' down the street.

They say the goblins are around,
An' elves an' witches, too;
Upon that night, if you're not good,
They'll fly away with you;
Now that might scare the little kids,
An' make them stay in bed,
I'm ten years old, I'm not afraid,
I'm goin' straight ahead.

So if you happen to be out,
Late on that special night,
Don't let a few unusual things,
Give you an awful fright;
An' if you see a ghost or two,
Don't start to raise a fuss,
Remember that it's Hallowe'en,
An' that those spooks are us.

TIME TO BE THANKFUL

Tomorrow is Thanksgivin' Day,
An' Ma is flyin' 'round,
A-makin' lots of goodies,
An' the cookie jar I've found;
An' Sis is grindin up the meat,
To make that ol' mince pie,
My favorite is pumpkin tho,
To eat it on the sly.

The pantry shelves are loaded down
With stuff that's good to smell,
But if you take a tiny peep,
You'll sure hear some one yell,
"You let them things alone, young man,
An' stay right out of there,"
An' if you don't mind right away,
They'll grab you by your hair.

Pa's gone to catch the gobbler now,
He's shut up in the barn;
That bird all roasted nice an' brown,
For me will have a charm,
That is, if I'm allowed to get,
A single piece of him.
For from the looks of things I think,
My chances are but slim.

Ma's asked a lot of company,
The parson an' his wife,
An' ol' Jed Hawkins, who can play,
The banjo an' the fife;
An' Sally Smith an' Mandy Lee,
(They're both ol' maids, you know)
I heard Ma tellin' Mrs. Brown,
They never had a beau.

Now I must wait till they are thru,
With dinner, don't you see,
For with that many extra folks,
There won't be room for me,
To eat with them, so I must stay,
Out with the dog, an' cat;
While they eat all the good things up,
What do you think of that?

They say that on Thanksgivin' Day,
We should be thankful, too.
For blessings showered upon us,
In the year that's nearly thru;
But I'm savin' all my thankfulness,
Till that dinner's over, when,
If there's any thing but bones to pick,
I'll sure be thankful then.

THE KAISER'S DREAM

Kaiser William, 'tis said, had a queer dream one night,
And it certainly gave him a terrible fright.
He dreamed he had died and left this world behind,
But no room in Heaven the kaiser could find;
Old Peter, the good saint, stood down by the gate,
And said: "Mr. Kaiser, you've got here too late,
You started the war, and you kept it up too,
So now I'm afraid we have no room for you."

The kaiser turned 'round and started straightway,
For the place where we're told the old Nick holds sway.
Then he asked in a voice that trembled with fear,
"Can you tell me if there's any room for me here?"
Old Nick turned around with a frown on his face,
As he said: "No, indeed, you would soon steal my place
For stirring up trouble on land or on sea,
And causing destruction you're better than me."

The kaiser then said with a look of despair,
"Well, where can I go, can't I stay anywhere?
I was kicked out of heaven and kicked out of here
And now for my future I'm starting to fear."
Then Satan replied: "You're to me of much worth,
So I'm going to send you right back to the earth.
With you ruling there and me ruling below
We can form a good partnership, kaiser, I know."

"All right," said the kaiser; "Good-bye, Mr. Nick,
I want to get back to the earth pretty quick.
A terrible fix I once thought I was in,
So I'll hurry right back to my friends in Berlin."
Then the kaiser awoke with a pain in his head
And he found he had fallen right out of his bed.
As he hastened away he was heard to exclaim,
"I am glad I woke up, ach mien Gott vot a drame."

GOIN' TO FRANCE

Gee, we're goin' down to France,
Goin' to make the kaiser dance.
Yes, you bet, I'm goin'.
Got to lick the kaiser good;
Show him how to chew his cud,
Or else he'd be a showin'
Us the styles we had to wear.
Don't you know, or don't you care.

All us doughboys feel the same,
'Bout the kaiser's little game,
An' the way he's playin';
Got the decks stacked out o' sight,
Thinks he's always in the right,
Kids an' women slayin';
Don't look right to me an' you,
Or the ol' red, white, an' blue.

Gosh! it makes me just as mad,
As it used to make our dad,
When he caught us fightin',
With some kid 'bout half our size,
You'd see murder in his eyes,
An' think a bob cat lightin'.
On you, an' when he got thru,
Every thing seemed wrong with you.

That's the way with kaiser Bill,
Guess, he's got about his fill,
Of fightin'; the big bully!
Always stirrin' up a fuss,
We're goin' to settle the big cuss,
An' make his hair look woolly;
An' when the job is good an' done,
You'll see us guys all homeward come.

So now we're goin' down to France
An' give poor Belgium a chance
To breath with other nations.
An' when we lamp ol' kaiser Bill,
Of fighting he will get his fill,
We'll feed him on short rations.
The Yankee boys are bound to win,
Our slogan's, Onward to Berlin.

THE REASON

Oh, Christmas is coming
So merry and bright;
And jolly old Santa
Will be here tonight;
He lives in a land
That is far, far away,
And comes every Christmas,
But never will stay.

But when Santa comes
You must all be in bed,
He don't visit wide-awake
Children'tis said.
He waits till the kiddies
Are all fast asleep,
Then down thru the chimney
Will silently creep.

He brings a big sack,
Filled with candy and toys;
And always remembers
The good girls and boys,
But all naughty children,
He's sure to forget.
So I'm always good,
Just at Christmas, you bet.

I never am sassy—
I always say please,
When mamma says "no",
For a thing I don't tease;
For Santa is watching—
My actions, you see,
And if I am naughty,
Has no gifts for me.

PATRIOTIC POEMS

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

All hail the Flag of Freedom!
That waves against the sky
And fills our souls with courage,
To battle and to die.
The flag for which our fathers fought,
Has never yet come down,
The flag we love the same today,
Shall never touch the ground.

All hail the Flag of Freedom!
It's never known defeat;
Tho' of'times torn and tattered,
In battles' din and heat;
The flag for which our fathers bled,
For which we bleed today,
Shall ever wave above us here.
For that we fight and pray.

All hail the Flag of Freedom!
The dearest Flag on earth,
The symbol of the unity,
That gave our Country birth;
The glorious Red and White and Blue,
For which our fathers died;
That noble flag so grand and true,
Each patriot's hope and pride.

All hail the Flag of Freedom!
The bravest flag of all;
Whene'er your country needs you,
Be sure to heed it's call.
Oh, long and proudly may she wave,
O'er all the land and sea;
The champion of the good and pure,
The emblem of the free.

DAKOTA'S LASSIE

Oh! the lassie of Dakota!
She is strong, and brave and true;
While our soldier boys are fighting,
She'll help Uncle Sammy too,
She is knitting, knitting, knitting
As the days go swiftly by.
You will know her when you see her
By the brightness of her eye.

Oh! the lassie of Dakota!
She is busy all day long;
In the home or in the garden
You can hear her happy song.
She is planting, planting, planting,
Every tiny little seed,
Will sustain us in the crisis—
And a hungry people feed.

Oh! the lassie of Dakota!
Daughter of the golden West—
Other lassies may be winning,
But our lassie is the best;
She is waiting, yearning, praying,
For her soldier boy's return,
And she's gathering the fagots
That will make our home fires burn.

THE OLD U. S. FOR MINE

Let others rave of foreign climes,
And of their beauties rare.
There is no place upon this earth
That can, to me, compare
With the beauties of my native land.
Nowhere the sun does shine
So warm and bright as here at home—
The old U. S. for mine.

Let others sing of fairest scenes,
Lakes bluer than the sky,
And snow-capped mountains towering
So very, very high.
I sing of this, my own dear home
So peaceful and sublime
Endowed with Nature's rarest gifts,
The old U. S. for mine.

I love her valleys, hills and glens,
I love her mountains, too;
Her prairies, broad and rich and grand
That stretch before my view.
Her woodlands and her streamlets—
I'll say this every time;
You keep your glorious foreign scenes,
This old U. S. for mine.

WELCOME HOME

From the hills of North Carolina,
To the Mississippi plain;
From the boundless western prairies,
To the rocky coast of Maine;
From the lands of the Pacific,
To the broad Atlantic shore;
There's a feeling of rejoicing
For the boys are home once more.

Bravely they endured the conflict,
Put the foemen all to flight,
Shed their blood in cause of justice
To protect our banner bright;
But the battle cry has ended,
And the victory is won;
Every mother's heart rejoices
For her soldier boy is home.

No, not all, for some brave comrades
On the field of Flanders died,
'Neath the lilies there are sleeping
Many a mothers' hope and pride;
But we never shall forget them,
And their brave deeds done in war;
But forever we shall bless them,
Tho they lie on foreign shore.

Raise aloft our glorious banner,
Float her proudly on the breeze;
Emblem of a free born people
Let her wave o'er land and seas;
Conquering yet filled with mercy,
For a fallen, beaten foe;
Right is might and all enduring,
Be our motto where we go.

Welcome Home! our soldier heroes,
Many times our hearts have yearned
For the day of your returning,
As our home fires brightly burned.
Bravely you've sustained the honor
Of the old Red, White and Blue.
Could Old Glory speak she'd answer,
"Boys, I'm Mighty Proud of You."

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS

Gladly we answered at duty's call,
When our Uncle Sam needed men;
We had to fight for our cause was right,
We went, and would go again.
Should the need arise, you'd see us there,
The bravest of all, to do and dare.

Bravely we struggled on Flanders fields,
The ground with our blood was drenched;
There in the hell of the shot and shell,
We fought in the filthy trench,
And fighting died—a sacrifice—
That ye might live; we paid the price.

Nobly our comrades 'round us fell,
Wounded and dying they lay;
Mangled and torn they were gently borne
From the battle field away.
And others took their place then
That peace on earth might come again.

Bravely we fought for the dawn of peace
And to ye, who command, we pray,
If ye value the good of the commonwealth
Do not barter that peace away.
Remember the boys lying 'neath the sod,
And keep faith with them if you love your God.

We did not fight for a crown of gold,
Or for lands that are fair to see,
We fought and died that the truth might thrive
And for world democracy;
Our task is done; we have proven true
A victorious peace is now up to you.

THE QUESTION

What did you do while I was away?
Is the question we'll all have to answer, some day;
When the boys return from across the sea,
They'll ask it of you, and they'll ask it of me;
And what shall our answer be? ponder it well,
For a falsehood no one to those brave lads must tell

What did you do? is the question they'll ask,
Not what did you say, but what was your task?
And if we have idled while others have striven,
And if we have hoarded, while others have given,
If we have evaded and not done our share,
Then, friends, their contempt will be awful to bear.

THE BLUE STAR AND THE GOLD

We hang a blue star in our window,
When dear brother John went away;
He knew that his home was in danger,
So he cheerfully joined in the fray;
With brave soldier boys dressed in khaki,
So bravely he shouldered the gun;
Told dear mother she'd see him returning,
With the rest, when the vict'ry was won.

So he marched away, bravely and proudly—
Mother smiled while a tear dimmed her eye,
For she knew with a fond mother's anguish
That in battle brave soldiers must die.
But she wanted her boy to be manly,
And she wanted her boy to be true,
So she smiled tho her heart was near breaking,
When they passed with the Red, White and Blue.

Every week he would send us a letter
From the camp where he stayed for a while;
Then came days of sad anxious waiting—
Mother seemed to forget how to smile.
But each night she would kneel at her bedside,
And with head bowed down humbly in prayer,
She would pray, "Guard my boy, oh my Father,
And keep him for me Over There."

Then at last came a long tender missive.
Our brother was somewhere in France,
And he wrote, "Do not worry, dear mother,
I must take a brave soldier boy's chance;
Our duty is plain and we see it,
'Tis ours but to do or to die.
Old Glory shall ever wave o'er us,
Her bright folds outflung to the sky."

“Each night I can see, darling mother,
Your face in the camp fires’ bright glow,
And as the wind sighs in its cadence,
I can hear your dear voice, soft and low.
There’s a picture comes to me at evening
Whene’er I lie down to my rest
Of my home and those loved ones awaiting
In America, land of the blest.”

“My home! how I long for its shelter,
When the cannons and guns loudly roar;
For that dear peaceful fireside I’m yearning
To leave it again nevermore.
But Uncle Sam called and I answered,
As Columbias’ sons all must do,
We must fight for our homes and our country
And sustain the old flag, grand and true.”

We hung a gold star in our window.
When we learned that our brother was dead.
He had given his life for his country,
As a brave soldier should, the note said.
And dear mother knelt at her bedside,
And said, in a voice filled with pain:
“I will not rebel, oh my Father
For I know that my loss is your gain.”

Blue stars hang in many a window,
Where soldiers have left for the fray,
And loved ones are anxiously waiting,
For news of their welfare today;
If their boy gives his life for his country,
With martyrs his name is enrolled;
And we know there’s a new soul in heaven,
When they change the blue star for the gold.

FLAG OF OUR FATHERS

Flag of our fathers, flag of the free,
Long may you wave o'er the land and the sea.
Emblème of liberty, justice and right,
Standing ever for peace, but last in the fight.
Bugles are calling far over the sea,
Flag of our fathers, we'll fight now for thee.

Flag of our fathers, our cause is but just.
In One above is our faith, hope and trust.
Down-trodden people we're going to save,
They who were free never could be a slave,
Never a cage for an eagle to pine—
Flag of our fathers, we're falling in line.

Flag of our fathers, no enemy's hand
Shall desecrate our own dear native land.
We'll fight to save it, or fighting we'll die
Before we allow it in ruins to lie.
Soldiers are dying far over the sea.
Flag of our fathers, they died to save thee.

Flag of our fathers, dear Red, White and Blue,
No other flag waves so proudly as you;
Out on the breeze let your folds proudly fly.
Fling your bright self 'gainst the blue of the sky.
And as you wave, every stripe, every star,
Proclaims to the world what a grand flag you are.

THE BATTLE CALL OF PEACE

There's a mighty army gathering
In the land from north to south ;
Not a band of valiant soldiers,
Marching to the cannon's mouth,
But those who are mobilizing,
Since hostilities have ceased;
Are the loyal working people,
At the battle call of Peace.

No guns rest upon their shoulders,
Guns to fill the world with woe,
Nor no instruments of torture,
To inflict upon the foe.
There's no bugle loudly calling,
Bidding them to do or die.
There's no sound of raging battle,
Nor no banners waving high.

But they're marching to the conflict,
With the spade, the rake and hoe ;
They are plowing deep the furrows,
Where the grain will have to grow.
For they know that God will send us,
Both the sunshine and the rain,
And they'll all go forth with reapers,
When the harvest comes again.

They are marching to the factory—
Hear the whistles loudly blow ;
Many of them were long silent,
While we battled with the foe.
But they all are up and doing,
Since hostilities have ceased;
And they fill the world with music,
At the battle call of Peace.

Some may say a whistle's blowing,
Is not music to the ear—
But if you had been in Flanders,
Stuck it out a whole long year,
And had heard the cannons roaring,
Everywhere for miles around,
You would think a whistles racket
Was the finest kind of sound.

Now our soldier boys are coming
Home across the ocean blue,
Soon they'll be demobilizing,
And they'll look to me, and you,
To furnish them employment,
In the land they fought to free,
From the grasp of the oppressor,
From the hand of tyranny.

Can we tell these noble heroes,
With their hearts so staunch and true
When they ask us to assist them :
"We have nothing here for you?
No! for that would be an insult
That they never could forget.
Say with hand upon their shoulders:
"Can I help you, Son? You bet!"

'Tis no time to sit repining,
'Tis the time to do and dare;
In this day of reconstruction,
Each of us must have a share.
So we all will strive together,
Petty jealousies must cease.
When each worker answers "Present"
To the battle call of Peace.

PEACE

What form is this so airy light,
That sheds its radiance on the earth,
And dressed in garments, pure and white,
Proclaims that Peace has come to earth?

Yea, after many years of strife,
We cast aside the sword and gun,
To live once more a normal life,
At that glad call: the war is done.

We stand beside the lowly grave,
Whose headstone is a wooden cross,
Of him who died the world to save,
And know Heav'n's gain is still our loss.

Ah noble boy, some mother's pride,
Who sailed so proudly o'er the main,
Who bravely, bravely fought and died.
Do you know, Peace has come again?

MEMORIAL DAY

This day we shall honor the heroes,
Who fought in the ranks of the blue;
We'll scatter bright beautiful flowers,
O'er the graves of the boys who were true,
In those dark cloudy days of rebellion,
So proudly they shouldered the gun.
Said "good-bye" to their friends and departed,
And remained till the victory was won.

But they left many comrades a-lying,
On the red battle plain where they fell,
And monuments there are erected,
Of their brave deeds forever to tell,
You can read of their courage and valor,
And in temples and great halls of fame,
When men congregate in memorial,
You'll hear many a brave soldier's name.

Place a flag on the grave of each hero,
Let it show where a soldier boy sleeps,
It will tell of his love and devotion,
As its vigil it silently keeps;
Ah, the brave boys who sleep are now many.
Each year more are gathering home,
And perhaps some day soon will be learning
That our old soldier boys are all gone.

But cheer up, why should we be grieving,
For the ones who have gone on before.
Their tasks in this world are completed,
And they rest where all fighting is o'er.
Do not mourn for those brave soldier heroes,
Whose graves we shall honor today,
Just a few years of gladness and sorrow,
And, we too, shall journey away.

AN APPEAL TO REASON

Look, Old Glory's passing by,
Raise the banner, let it fly
To the breeze unfurled;
Tis the Red, the White and Blue,
Emblem of the brave and true,
An unconquered world.

Let the foeman now beware;
We're the ones who'll do and dare,
For our glorious flag,
We will fight on land and sea,
For the right and liberty,
Courage never fag.

Come, ye comrades, lend a hand,
Drive the foeman from the land
Of our fathers' pride;
One and all must their part,
Hand in hand and heart to heart,
Be the true and tried.

JUST LIKE DAD

My papa works for Uncle Sam :
He is the bravest soldier man
That ever you did see.
And while he's far away from home,
My mamma dear would be alone,
If it were not for me.

So I must be her little man ;
And do the very best I can,
To make her heart feel glad,
And when I kiss her every night,
She says: "My Sonny, you're all right
Thank God you're just like Dad."

HONEST ABE

They called him Honest Abe, because
He was the poor man's friend.
Brave, strong and steady in his course
And loyal till the end.
Then when called from his humble tasks,
To rule o'er all this land,
He still proved faithful to his trust:
A statesman, great and grand.

And when o'er fair Columbia's realm,
Hung clouds of civil strife,
He called for men to save the flag
If need be give their life,
Then every patriot rose as one,
And sang in lusty song,
"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand strong."

They saved the flag, and on that day,
He set the black man free;
Struck off the cruel and galling chains,
Of human slavery—
And darkies knelt upon the ground,
Who ne'er before had prayed,
And said in voices loud and strong,
"God bless ol' Massa Abe".

Yes, Lincoln was a grand, good man,
The noblest in the land;
And at the zenith of his power,
Struck by assassin's hand
He died; and we were left to mourn,
All groping in the night,
Without our leader's guiding hand,
To show us what was right.

'Tis but a step from life to death ;
Each day we find it so ;
And those we love the best today,
May be the next to go.
And tho the fleeting years of time
May change the roll of fame
High up among those tried and true,
Carve Lincoln's honored name.

JULY FOURTH

Bring forth your trumpets, shoot your guns
Ye fervid patriotic sons.
Make all the noise you can ;
The glorious Fourth again is here,
Greet it with happiness and cheer,
Befitting Freedom's elan.

Float dear Old Glory on the air,
No dastard's hand will ever dare,
To cause that Flag to pine ;
Her bright folds ever shall endure,
The refuge, safe, and sane and sure,
Of stricken humankind.

And if some tyrant takes his stand
Against our own beloved land,
We'll hear our country's call
Protect it with our dying breath—
For sweeter far, would be stern death
Than line to give up all.

So blow your trumpets, beat your drums
Ye fervid patriotic sons,
And shout with joy, and sing
'Twas on this day in Seventy Six
Our fathers gave some good hard licks—
We'll make the welkin ring.

WHAT OLD GLORY MEANS TO ME

In this dear land of ours,
'Neath the old Stripes and Stars,
There are scenes that are fair to see;
But the flag that we love,
Tho afar we may rove,
Are the fairest of all, to me.
All the stars brightly shine,
With its folds they entwine
In a tender and soft caress;
Other flags there may be,
Waving over the sea,
But our flag is the truest and best.

When I look at the red,
I see precious blood shed.
In the cause of the just and right;
And Hope's banner unfurled,
Shines anew o'er the world,
When I see her stripes of white,
When I look at the blue,
I see boys brave and true
Who will fight and die for liberty
And the stars in the field
Say: "We never will yield."—
That is what Old Glory means to me.

OUR TEDDY

There's a chair that is vacant,
A voice that is stilled;
And a loved one is absent,
Whose place can't be filled.
For our Teddy has gone—
To the echoless shore—
And the places that knew him,
Shall know him no more.

No more shall he ride—
O'er the plains and the hills;
No more shall his voice
Ring with rapturous thrills.
Cold and silent he lies,
In his long narrow bed,
And our whole nation mourns,
For our Teddy is dead.

Sleep on noble sleeper
In infinite rest;
Lifes' sun which shone brightly,
Has sunk in the west.
Your work is all ended,
Your race has been run,
And a whole country mourns,
For our Teddy has gone.

TOILERS ARISE

Toilers arise from your lethargy,
Awake there is work to do :
Too long have you idled your time away.
The whole world has need of you,
There's a brand-new day,
That has come to stay.
Toilers arise, and away, away.

Toilers arise ere the sun shines high ;
Awake to the new-born day,
The darkness has fled, see in yonder sky,
The light that has come to stay ;
Bright light of Victory,
Shining o'er land and sea,
Toilers arise, and away, away.

Toilers arise ye have slept too long :
Awake, time is flying fast,
There is need right now for the brave and strong,
The days of your idling are past.
In strenght of brotherhood,
Strive for the common good.
Toilers arise, and away, away.

OUR FLAG

Forty eight stars on a field of blue,
And thirteen glorious stripes,
Comprise the emblem of your land,
For which each soldier fights.
Red is for courage, valor;
We are called upon today,
To save the name of Freedom
From the tyrant's dreadful sway.

Forty eight stars on a field of blue,
And every star a state,
That stands united in the band
To share each others fate.
White is for faith and purity
Of patriot sons of toil,
Who bravely fought in by-gone days
To save their homes from spoil.

Forty eight stars on a field of blue,
Who would a slacker be
While you are telling each mother's son,
"My boy, I have need of thee?"
Blue is for truth and honor.
Our cause has been ever just.
We must save our homes and country
From the tyrants' greed and lust.

Our Countrys Flag, our noble Flag,
Our dear old Stripes and Stars,
No one who dwells in this fair land
Shall let down Freedom's bars.
Those stars shall ever keep their place,
In harmony and love
Fixed and enduring as the ones
Now shining up above.

HELPING UNCLE SAM

Pa's going to raise an awful lot,
Of wheat, this coming year;
For all the papers say that we
Must help our uncle dear.
So right down here upon the farm,
He'll do the best he can.
To help to feed the hungry world;
He's helping Uncle Sam.

Ma's raising lots of poultry—
The meat supply is low.
At raising chickens, ducks and geese,
My mother is'nt slow.
And then inside the kitchen
She'll do the best she can
To see that nothing goes to waste;
She's helping Uncle Sam.

We've meatless days, and sweetless days.
We don't eat cake or pie,
Since wheat is needed by our boys.
Our bread is made of rye.
No food is left upon our plates,
We're using Hoover's plan.
For that's the way to win the war
And help old Uncle Sam.

My brother Bob's somewhere in France,
He's gone to do his bit;
And dear old grandma, all day long,
Does nothing else but knit,
Altho she's eighty five years old,
She's doing all she can,
To keep the soldiers nice and warm
She's helping Uncle Sam.

Pa's got a bond and I have too,
At least a little one,
Instead of spending pennies now
For candy, toys or gum,
I run and buy a thrift stamp.
And so does brother Dan;
Now that's the way our family
Is helping Uncle Sam.

THE MEANING OF RED, WHITE AND BLUE

“What is the reason we have a flag?”
Asked my little boy one day
As he came running into my arms,
So tired of his childish play.
“Why are the soldiers marching by,
Why are they called brave and true?
Tell me the answer, mamma dear,
Why our flag is red, white and blue?”

At first I did not know how to reply,
So that he would understand,
Why all of the soldiers were marching away
To fight in a foreign land.
And how at the sound of the bugles call
They are leaving their sweethearts and wives,
And offering all that they hold most dear,
They are freely giving their lives.

So I answered this: My little son
I will do the best that I can
To tell you why we love our flag.
And will fight for it e'en to a man.
A long, long time before you were born,
In a country far over the sea,
There lived a great king who ruled over us,
As wicked as he could be.

Years passed, but still his oppression grew,
Until we rebelled at least;
And then in the quaint Philadelphia town,
A great Declaration was passed.
The Liberty Bell rang the tidings out,
In this glorious and glad refrain:
“Free and equal are born each and every man,
Free and equal we'll ever remain.”

“The nation born, had to have a flag,
For a flag is an emblem, my son ;
It represents the land you’ll love,
Till your very last breath is gone ;
Red, white and blue is your countrys flag,
And her folds must wave proud and free.
She’s the symbol of all that we hold most dear,
Truth, justice and liberty.”

“Red indeed was the crimson blood,
That was shed on the battle plain,
For we had a long and terrible war,
Before we could free remain ;
White is for the pure white souls,
Of those patriots who fell
Upon the raging battlefield,
For the flag they loved so well.”

“And blue? ah that’s the color
We always call true blue ;
It signifies the bravery,
Of our boys, so staunch and true,
Just as our patriots battled,
For their homes in days of old,
Our soldier boys will fight today
With spirits just as bold.”

“’Tis now the foe would lift his hands
To crush democracy,
’Tis now the tyrant stalks the land
And gainsays liberty—
And shall we humbly bow the knee
And let him have his way,
We, whom our fathers died to free
From brutal tyrant’s sway?”

“So our soldier boys are marching away,
They will fight for you, my son,
And we will not see them coming back,
Till this terrible war is done.
Then many brave lads will never return,
But shall sleep under foreign skies,
Their lives must give, that we may live,
That’s how a soldier dies.”

You asked for the meaning of the flag
Why its colors are red, white and blue.
I do not know, that I ever heard,
But I’ll tell why I think, to you.
When they needed a flag for our country
They wanted the very best.
But they couldn’t find a color on earth
They thot would stand the test.”

So they took the stars from heaven
And the got the blue in the sky,
They found the red in the sunset’s glow
And the white in the milky way.
They added the colors together
And fashioned a flag, grand and true.
That is the meaning, my darling,
Of the Red, the White and the Blue.”

THE CROSS

Long years ago a great king slept,
And had a wondrous dream,
Wherein the mothers knelt and wept,
While shot and shall did stream.
The ground was shaken by the sound
Of cannons' deadly roar,
And one bare strip of blackened ground
Marked battle lines of gore.

Time passed but still the conflict grew,
The whole world seemed on fire;
Tho 'twould abate an hour or two,
The flames kept mounting higher,
Until they reached the homes and land
Of every tribe and nation,
And swept them all on every hand,
In the awful conflagration.

Then just above up in the sky
Appeared a cross of fire;
It hung suspended there on high,
Above the funeral pyre.
Both of its arms stretched far and wide
O'er burning land and sea.
A cross, the thing on which had died
The Man of Galilee.

It changed in hue, from red to white,
Adorned with lilies fair;
And as the king looked on in fright
He saw an angel fair
Descending from the fleecy clouds
A palm leaf in his hand.
He held it up towards the sky
Then dropped it to the land.

“One question, sir,” the king then said;
“What means this wondrous sight,
What of the cross of fiery red,
Now turned to snowy white;
What means this awful holocaust
That now enshrouds the earth?
It seems that every thing is lost.
For naught is left of worth.”

“Ah, mighty king, a war thus great
Shall devastate the land.
You’ve witnessed in a dream its fate.
Some day the tyrant’s hand
Shall lay waste, everything that’s fair
Shall perish at his word,
Shall lie in smoking ruins there.
Pierced by his gun and sword.”

And ever shall the glorious cross
Sustain and succor then,
Tho all the world should be but dross
It ever shall remain
The glorious symbol of the ones,
Who go thru shot and shell
Amidst the rattle of the guns
They’ll do their task full well.

No nobler band shall e’er be known,
Than those who serve that cross;
Where’er they hear the wounded moan,
They’ll never count the loss.
But bravely they will search among,
The stricken and the slain,
Yea, tho the world in hell be flung,
The Red Cross shall remain.

Then when the battle cry is done,
And tyrant hosts have fled,
The cross of fire will then be gone,
You'll see the white instead,
And lilies peaceful emblems,
And palms of victory
Shall turn the darkness into light,
O'er all the land and sea.

The cross a thing of darkness now,
Shall be a sign of light,
But years must come and years must go
Before this wondrous sight.
But when it comes, ah mighty king,
All things shall be but dross
Beside this glorious living thing.
All men shall bless the cross."

The king awoke; 'twas but a dream.
But now that dreams come true,
'Tis now you hear the eagle scream
His challenge out to you.
Our soldier boys have sailed away,
To fight across the sea.
They're giving up their all today
For right and liberty.

And one true friend doth ever stand
Between our boys and woe:
Holds out a helping guiding hand
Where ever they may go.
No matter, it be day or night
It hears them when they call
And in the thickest of the fight
It sees them if they fall.

Oh Cross, a thing once so despised,
How sacred now Thy name,
For since the Prince of Glory died,
Widespread has been Thy fame.
The emblem of the Christian's creed
Without Thee all were loss.
That angel's words were true indeed,
"All men shall bless the Cross."

FREEDOMS' SONS

Columbia calls, and at the sound
Her patriot sons arise
To drive the foeman from the land
Ere she in ruin lies.
Go, noble boys, may God protect
You each and every one;
And bring you safely home again
When victory is won.

SOLDIERS ALL

Uncle Sammy's voice is calling,
Calling over land and sea,
"I have need of you, my children,
Come and fight for liberty:
Come my boys, and help your uncle.
He has done so much for you,
Will you let the foeman trample
On your flag, so grand and true?"

But we cannot all be soldiers,
Some must stay while others go,
For if we all went to battle,
No food would be raised, you know.
So the farmer in the furrows,
Raises food to feed the world,
And the soldier in the trenches,
Fights there where the shells are hurled.

Every one can do some labor
That will help to win the fray.
Idle hands accomplish nothing,
There's no room for them today;
And if each of us proves faithful,
When we hear the victory call,
Uncle Sam will say: "My children,
You have been brave soldiers all."

NONPARTISAN LEAGUE POEMS

DER FARMER'S GOAT

Der Farmer has a leetle goat,
Dot follers him aroun'.
He scares away dem grafter guys
An' sends dem back ter town.
Dot goat is always on der yob,
He never sleeps a vink
An' when he starts to go for dem
He's quick as you can tink.

Dem grafters dey no like dot goat
Dey say he is a pest;
Dey tell der farmer "kill him quick.
Den ve can have some rest."
But Hiram is too vise for dot
He say vith vun pig grin:
"You fellers leave dot goat alone
Der ain't no flies on him.

THE TRAITORS

Sold, sold for gold; this day we read,
You were not faithful to your trust;
But with those of the tainted breed,
You've cast your lot to hinder us.
Sold, sold for gold; and what of we,
Who looked to you to blaze the way
For paths of true democracy
Unto a better, brighter day.

You were not wise enough to see,
Our cause is more than sordid gold,
Or earthly fame could ever be,
To countless millions yet untold.
You are too blind; how could you know,
That others worked for your downfall.
You cast your lot upon one throw,
And by that act have lost your all.

And shall we sink in deep despair,
Because by you we've been betrayed,
Shall our brave ship lie stranded there,
Because one tiny dent you've made?
Ah no indeed! the beacon bright,
Still guides us and we can't go wrong.
Tho all the world should turn aside,
With braver hearts we'd struggle on.

LET'S ALL PULL TOGETHER

Some people seem terribly worried just now,
The reason is not hard to see;
For farmers and workers are joining their hands,
In their fight for democracy;
But why should they worry and say what they do?
Our country is now in the fray
And enemy ears very quickly will hear,
Every thing which the people may say.

One word of complaint, borne aloft on the air,
Will lose us a fight, maybe;
For complaining words are as arrows sent,
'Gainst our soldiers the sea.
One word of encouragement, sent afar,
May help us to win the war,
For "a chain is as strong as its weakest link"
And the enemy's nearer than you think.

The boys who are fighting so hard "over there,"
Depend upon us over here,
To see they are fully equipped for the fray.
Our duty is now very clear.
The farmer must raise all the food that he can,
The worker must strive with a will,
And each of us should, in some niche find a place
Our task in this war to fulfill.

Ah, this is no time to let passion and greed,
Overcome our fair judgment of worth;
For "united we stand and divided we fall,"
Are the truest words spoken on earth.
So cast aside prejudice during the war.
And "stick to the ship" in foul weather.
Just do what you can, in the best way you can,
Come now, let us all pull together.

OLE'S COMMENT

Big Business is a selfish elf,
He cares for no vun but himself:
A useless profiteer.
He fattens on der vorkers toil,
An' lives inside a palace royal,
With servants ever near.

He eats but never does no vork,
Dot's why I claim he's a pig shirk,
Vy should ve feed his kind?
'Tis hard enough to earn der pelf,
To feed our fambly an' ourself.
Too long haf ve been blind.

I'll tell you vot we're goin' ter do,
Ve'll show dot guy a trick or two,
An' make der peeple vunder.
We'll py some N. P. dynamite,
An' on some dark an' stormy night,
Ve'll blow him all ter thunder.

If he was shust a common guy
To help him ve would surely try
But vot else can ve do.
He steals our money such pig stacks
An' all ve get is empty sacks.
It's up ter me, an' you.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE DONKEY

A FABLE

Said Mr. Donkey Bray
To the Elephant, one day :
“Can you tell me what the matter is about
Politicians, small and great.
On my back now ride in state,
Where they used to take a club and chase me out.”

“Now I’m curried down with care,
Friends are ’round me everywhere,
And I’m fed the richest grain and choicest hay,
But I’m often wondered why,
Thot I’d ask you on the sly
Why those grafters are so good to me today.”

“Mr. Bray,” his friend then said,
“Do not get a swelled up head
Till I’ve told you of some things I have been thru
It was not so long ago,
I, myself was all the show
And they did not care a half a cent for you.”

“But in June I lost the race,
So I’ve taken second place,
While they look at me with feelings far from kind
For the dreadful N. P. Goat,
Has the Old Gang by the throat.
And they’re using you to free him you will find.”

“’Tis not you or I, dear Bray,
Who is number one today.
For I know that we have fully seen our prime.
So we’ll both retire with grace
From the great election race
And we’ll cheer as Mr. Goat comes down the line

THE PROFITEER

He hovers o'er the struggling world,
And like some vulture old and grim
He seizes his unconscious prey.
All nations must pay toll to him.
His bloody hands he seeks to hide,
And failing turns to subterfuge.
He raises dust to hide his tracks
And covers up his profits huge.

No use is he to any man,
He gouges when and where he will.
A king he sits upon his throne,
Humanity must pay the bill.
With sternest mien and iron hand,
He rules o'er all the universe;
He is the tyrant of the land,
And unto humankind a curse.

WHY

Why do you stand like King Chanute,
Who tried to hold back the sea
As it forward rolled in its timeworn path
On its way to eternity.
For the tide must rise and the billows sway
Till heaven and earth have passed away.

Why stand in the way of progress
When there is so much to do.
Come, be a worker and clear the way
For the ones who come after you.
Don't be a coward and fear to start,
But be a helper and do your part.

Why can you not see reason?
Why must you always be last?
You are losing your chance of winning,
You are living too far in the past.
So lend us your hand, we will show you the way
To the glorious land of the New Today.

CONFIDENCES

What is the matter, Brother Graft?
You're looking awful blue,
Is it the indigestion
Or your heart that bothers you?
Perhaps you've lost a bunch of coin
While playing in the Street.
Cheer up, old pard, don't feel so bad.
You shouldn't get cold feet.

No partner, it is not my heart,
Nor is it indigestion;
Ah, no, indeed, the trouble comes
From a different direction.
There is a goat that's got my goat,
I find I cannot ride him;
He comes at me with hoof and head
Whene'er I try to stride him."

I've fed him poison by the quart—
You see, I wish to kill him—
But every time I went to look,
I had to run from "William."
His stomach must be made of iron.
He simply dotes on papers;
Tin cans and bottles only make
Him cut up funny capers.

It ain't no use to fight that goat,
And as for Hiram Farmer,
Each time I stop to think of him,
I feel myself get warmer.
Just when we thot we'd make this state
Our everlasting home,
He elects a legislature
That whacks us on the dome."

So pack your grip again, old pal,
It ain't no use to stay.
The rubes have got the upper hand.
We'd better go away,
Before that goat lands on to us.
He's got an evil eye.
And if he ever catches you,
You're sure to hit the sky."

I sigh once more for those old days
That seem so long ago :
When all things were a-coming,
For the guy that had the dough.
But all those times are past, old pal,
And everything is changed ;
It ain't the same world any more
Or else I am deranged.

Ah, yes, the good old days have gone
To never more return ;
They're in the unforgotten past ;
It makes my poor heart burn,
To think we sat upon the keg
Unconscious of the load ;
We sat upon it, yes sir-ree,
And let the thing explode.

THEN YOU'LL BELIEVE

We are called Bolsheviki, rapacious and tricky,
Who are always engaging in fights;
We are double dyed traitors, and wild agitators,
Because we insist on our rights.
Those fat politicians, who've lost their positions,
Expect with such words to decoy
Folks into believing, our League is deceiving.
For if they can't rule they'll destroy.

While we toiled and sweated, yet never regretted,
That our task was raising the wheat,
They wrapped themselves up in the folds of Old Glory,
And paraded around on the street.
While we bravely struggled, the prices they juggled,
The H. C. of L. hit the skies.
While poor people suffered, they filled up their coffers.
They waded in gold to their eyes.

With words patriotic, but manner despotic,
We were driven all over the land;
We were beaten and pinched, tar and feathered and lynched,
Just why we cannot understand.
Doors were closed in our faces, in different places,
By many an unscrupulous prig.
We were laughed at and sneered at, mocked, spat at and
jeered at,
Because we held fast to our League.

Insulted and hounded, for causes unfounded,
It seemed every man was our foe;
Tho brave, true and fearless, our outlook was cheerless,
The farmer had no place to go.
But still we are fighting, the wrongs we are righting,
Our purpose is not to deceive.
And when our task's ended, with mankind befriended,
Why then you will come to believe.

OLD HOSS JIM

My daddy used to own a plug.
We called him Old Hoss Jim
An' when he took a notion
You could nothin' do with him.
Sometimes he'd balk for half the day,
Then you could rip and tear,
An' string out cuss words by the mile—
Old Hoss Jim didn't care.

He'd let you drive him just so far,
An' then he'd stand stock still.
We used to thrash him by the hour,
Me an' my brother Bill.
But he just stood an' looked at us
With mild an' gentle eyes,
An' all the time he'd switch his tail,
Like he was chasin' flies.

I guess it partly was our fault,
That old Jim was so mean.
We used to haul a lot of coal,
When he was young an' green.
Sometimes we'd get too big a load,
Then we would have to stop
While goin' up a slippery hill;
An' that taught Jim to balk.

Somehow this bunch of farmers
Makes me think of Old Hoss Jim.
The burden you have carried
All your life is one big sin.
For you have been the pack horse
And have borne the heavy load,
While old Big Business, lazy lout
Upon your back has rode.

But he put on too big a load.
You couldn't climb the hill.
So you got stuck and then you balked
As critters sometimes will.
You turned aroun' an' looked at him,
An' kicked him from his perch.
Then you came here to make the laws,
An' left him in the lurch.

ON THE RUN

You've got a lickin' comin',
An' you'll get it good an' hard;
You've fooled the people long enough,
An' played your last lone card.
You have been slick, I will admit,
But now we boys are wise.
We're goin' to vote to please ourselves
In spite of all your cries.

What cared you for the farmers
In the years now past and gone?
“ 'Twas, Hiram, go back to your farm
An' let us guys alone.
We'll run the state to suit ourselves,
You'd better move along;”
But since we are organizin',
You have sung another song.

You come around with tearful eyes
An' say, you are our friends;
That may be so but well we know
The place where friendship ends;
An' now we notice our good “friends”
Are busy throwin' dirt.
You want to kill the laws we've made
Because you know they'll work.

'Twixt the farmers, an' the grafters.
There's a chasm, deep and wide:
An' petty politicians—
Cannot cross from side to side;
You're either for us or against;
You can't sit on the fence,
An' you would know it by this time
If you had common sense.

You've spent a lot of money—
Tryin' hard to kill our League.
But you have found to your regret
You've helped to make it big;
For well you know, as well as we
Our cause is right an' just,
An' we will not be led astray
By any Big Biz trust.

It ain't no use to worry
An' it ain't no use to fume.
You'll get what you've got comin'
An' you'll get it pretty soon.
The time for foolin' us is past,
Your fightin' days are done,
For the farmer boys have got you
An' they've got you on the run.

SOME MAN

How large is A. C. Townley, Pa?
He must be awful big
To walk around from state to state,
A-tellin' 'bout his League.
An' here's a picture of him now
One foot in Minnesota—
The other in Montana, gee!
He steps across Dakota.

Gosh, he must be a giant, Pa;
I'd like to see that sight;
An' when it came to lickin' him,
There wouldn't be much fight.
Why just a single man like that
Could whip a whole big state.
I'd like to see that fellow scrap.
Gee; wouldn't it be great.

I'll bet his shoes are awful big.
An' when it came to clothes,
'Twould take some cloth to make a suit,
A million yards, I s'pose.
I wonder if he ever sleeps,
I'd like to see his bed,
Its foot would reach away down south,
While up here stood its head.

No wonder that the I V As
Are gettin' mighty scared,
Just making faces at his back,
But couldn't if they dared,
Come out an' fight him like a man.
They wouldn't even try.
They're afraid of A. C. Townley,
An' I know the reason why.

How large is A. C. Townley, Pa?
I'd surely like to know.
If I eat lots an' lots of stuff
As big as him I'll grow.
Then won't I lick a lot of boys
Who think they are so much.
Just let them open up their traps
An' they will get in dutch.

Oh, that is just a cartoon, son,
Our Townley is a man.
He's not much larger than myself,
As tall as Uncle Dan;
But he has got a great big heart,
And he conceived the League.
It's organized in fourteen states
The League, not Townley, is big.

UNCLE SAMMY KNOWS

Big Business sat in his office chair
And cogitated thus:
“The farmers are organizing fast,
Now what’s to become of us?
If they win out it’s ‘Good-bye John.’
So I’ll tell you what I’ll do.
Just start another Goo-Goo League
And split theirs right in two.”

The farmer sat on his backyard fence,
And meditated thus:
“Old Uncle Sammy needs more wheat,
So now it’s up to us.
I must run in debt to get my seed,
But the people must be fed,
So I’m going to do the best I can.”
That’s what the farmer said.

So while Big Business vainly tried
To disrupt the farmers’ League,
The farmer labored in the fields,
And raised a crop so big,
That Uncle Sammy rubbed his hands
And said: “There is my friend;
A patriotic son of toil,”
On whom I can depend.

So let Big Business rant and rave,
He cannot do us harm.
We’re going to our very best,
Right here upon the farm.
We’ll laugh at everything he says,
And dodge the things he throws.
But who’s the patriotic guy?
Your Uncle Sammy knows!

IT CAN'T BE DONE

"It can't be done," said those men of old,
When Christopher Columbus, brave and bold,
Declared he would cross the ocean wide,
And discover what lay on the other side.
It couldn't be done, but we know today,
That Christopher Columbus sailed away.

"It can't be done," was the same refrain,
When the man who invented the railway train,
Explained the idea he had in his head.
But "It can't be done," all the wise men said.
And if he had paid them any attention
We would never have heard of this grand invention.

"It can't be done," and they'd always laugh,
When Edison spoke of the phonograph.
And how he could make it sing and play.
They thot he was crazy and sent him away.
It couldn't be done, but he wouldn't be balked,
So he went right ahead and the blamed thing talked.

"It can't be done," were again the cries,
When the farmers determined to organize;
It couldn't be done, but the farmers stuck,
And thru their courage, and vim and pluck,
By working early and striving late,
They worsted the Gang and captured the state.

"It can't be done," all the fogies jeer,
When of some new enterprise they hear.
Afraid to venture across the sod,
They tread the same paths which their forefathers
trod;
With vision narrow and visage dumb,
They sit and murmur, "It can't be done."

It can be done, for the busy throng,
Have proven those wise old men were wrong.
The derelicts of some forgotten past,
Still do they cling to the tattered mast.
They cannot see, they are far too blind,
That the years have fled and left them behind.

THE FLIVVER CAMPAIGN

Out west in Dakota,
Near by Minnesota
The farmers had struggled
For many a year.
To meet obligations
They shortened their rations
But in spite of privations
Grew poorer each year.

Then one farmer, Townley,
Said: "Boys, we've done brownly
But there is one thing
I would like to suggest.
Let's start organizin'.
And something surprisin',
Will come out of it.
If I don't miss my guess."

"Big Biz steals our profits,
Puts them in his pockets,
We've raged and protested,
But all was in vain.
So now I'm advisin'
We start exercisin',
Too long we have got
The short end of the game."

"It will cost us some money
And that is not funny
But we will win out.
If we all stay on board;
We'll pool all our nickels
And other loose sheckels
Then buy us an auto
An old Henry Ford."

The farmers all listened
With joy their eyes glistened
When Townley had told them
The whole of his plan;
As the weather grew warmer,
They'd call on each farmer
And line them all up
'Gainst the Big Business Gang.

Then all politicians,
Who held fat positions,
Yelled: "Look at the suckers
Out there in the rain;"
('Twas in rainy weather
The boys got together.)
And everyone laughed
At the "flivver campaign."

But rain like the dickens
To "Henry" is pickin's;
He'll sail right along,
Like a ship on the sea;
Besides he is cheaper,
A number one keeper,
And that matters some
In the long run, you see.

The fat boys a-laughin',
The farmers were chaffin',
For joining the League
Like a bunch of green boobs.
"You fellows are dreamin',
Them guys are just schemin',
You're nothin' but suckers,
And six dollars rubes."

“Go back to your farmin’.
Some day you’ll be larnin’,
When we speak we mean
Everything that we say;
Don’t try to get frisky,
But prove yourselves thrifty;
Make two blades of grass grow
Where one grows today.”

Then Jerry and Norman
Both started in stormin’,
And filled up the Fak’em
And Fool’em with lies;
Said the farmers were foolish
Ungrateful and muleish;
And the gist of their wailings
Were: “Why organize?”

The farmers just shouted,
“Too long you have flouted
Our wishes away
With a lot of hot air.
For just at election,
You act with perfection,
The rest of the time
You have nothing to fear.”

“But wait till November;
You’ll always remember,
The lickin’ we gave you
That day at the polls.
You’ll feel so disgusted,
Your bubbles all busted,
You’ll just sneak away,
And crawl into your holes!

The flivvers kept comin';
Their motors were hummin';
They called on the farmers
And took them on board;
The League kept a-growin',
Till soon it was showin'
Full ten thousand members;
Then Big Business roared.

"Hey! What is the matter?
Who's raising this clatter?
Say, Townley, you leave
Them poor farmers alone;
You're a wild agitator.
A double eyed faker,
You're stealin' their money,
You're naught but a bum."

Then Townley replyin'
Said: "I ain't denyin',
I'm making some racket
Here all by my lone.
But language abusin',
From you, I'm excusin',
For up in your belfry
There's nobody home."

Then Townley a-laughin'
Said: "Cut out your chaffin'.
I ain't doin' nothin',
No, nothin' at all;
Go on with your boozin',
Your gamblin' and snoozin'
You'll learn what we're doin'
We'll tell you—next fall."

It sure was surprisin'
How soon organizin'
Became quite a fad
With the farmers around;
Their forces increasin'
By bounds, never ceasin'
Until the election day
Traveled around.

They lined up their forces
With autos and horses,
And then they proceeded
Big Business to soak;
They gave him a stopper,
A nip then a whopper,
And hammered it in,
By the weight of their vote.

When the smoke had subsided
Those who had derided,
A sight for the curious,
Presented to view.
Their eyes were all blackened,
Their noses were flattened,
Their red blood was oozin',
Their courage was too.

Poor Norm got some wallop,
His mouth was a scallop,
And Jerry was madder
Than any wet hen;
Tho his voice was quakin'
And both knees were shakin'
He said in a fury:
"I'd do it again."

Was Big Biz defeated?
It's oft been repeated,
"A good fighter knows
When he has had enough ;"
He just said resentful,
"Gee Whiz, I've had plent'ful."
You guys know the slogan
That says: "Treat 'm rough."

But Norman and Jerry
Are starting to worry,
'Cause Norman and Jerry
Are out for the coin ;
Tho Big Biz is willin'
To pay his last shillin'
He knows the stuff's off
'Cause the flivvers worked fine.

The Fool'em and Fak'em
Our minds have not shaken
And of their wild antics
We've many a laugh
So while they yell "taxes"
We'll sharpen our axes
And cut down the tree
That has flourished from graft.

What we need is workers!
Not sharpeners and shirkers
For all who will toil
There is room and to spare ;
So each single brother
Must stand by the other,
Until we receive
Of our toil the full share.

So let them keep knockin'
Now-days we are stockin'
Up well on the stuff,
Called N. P. dynamite,
And at next election,
Just watch my prediction,
We'll blow old Big Biz,
And his pals out of sight.

So now we will tell 'em
Lay low on your yellin'
Of all his fine feathers
A peacock is vain;
But when they are off him
Why then there's left nothin',
You're not heard the last
Of the flivver campaign.

SMASH AND HAMMER KIDS

You've heard of Katzenjammer kids
In many a funny blunder;
We have a couple in our state
That beat 'em all to thunder;
They are the Smashandhammer kids,
Their names are Norm and Jerry,
They say they're goin' to bust our League
But, Oh boy, we should worry.

They want to kill the farmers' league,
They hate it like tarnation,
Because it fights the profiteers
Who prey upon our nation;
They gamble on the farmers' grain
While poor folks have to hunger.
If we all treated them like that
What would they do, I wonder?

And now I'm goin' to tell you some
Of Norm and Jerrys' troubles,
For every time they blow one up,
The farmer pricks their bubbles;
They fill their papers up with lies
And think we will believe 'em.
But farmer boys have gotten wise,
There's very few will read 'em.

They hired a very funny man,
His name was Thomas Bunk'em.
The farmer boys just took one look
And said: "Gosh, what a pumpkin."
So Thomas chased the N. P. Goat
Clear out of North Dakota,
For Tom was just a foot ahead,
And got in Minnesota.

The League is running fine as silk,
The Old Gang has the blues, sir;
Big Biz is very much alarmed
And calls in Doctor News, sir.
Old Doctor News just took one look
And said: It's doomatism,
Caused by the awful farmers' goat,
His temperature has risen.

So Norm and Jerry keep it up,
With funny clownish capers.
It's worth a ticket to a show,
To see one of their papers.
They cannot kill the farmers' league
No matter how they try, sir,
For every knock from them's a boost,
And shoots us up the higher.

The League gets stronger every day,
While Norm and Jerry wonder,
For every time they tell a lie,
They help us by their blunder.

Sometimes a lie may help you out,
I'll say this on the quiet,
But people soon get sick of them,
If fed as steady diet.

The Old Gangs' goat has lost his nerve,
His heart is all a-flutter,
But ours is mad and soon we'll see,
Which makes the better butter;
So let them keep on knockin' us.
We'll keep on organizin',
And the way we'll clean the grafters up,
Will surely be surprisin'.

Yes, fellow farmers, we will stand,
Like brothers all united,
Till all the states are organized,
Then wrongs will soon be righted.
We're goin' to stick to win our cause,
Just like a porous plaster.
The more that Norm and Jerry pull,
The more we'll stick the faster.

NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE SONGS

VICTORY IS HERE

(Tune: Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!)

Send the joyful news around,
That where ever man is found,
He may know our League is loyal, brave and true.
Tho the struggle has been hard,
We shall reap the great reward,
For with old gang politicians we are thru.

Cho.

Shout! shout, shout, my farmer brothers,
For the victory is here;
We have stuck and we have won,
And the glorious time has come,
When we see the light of Freedom everywhere.

Twenty years we've had to wait,
To get laws upon the slate,
That would benefit the boys in farmer's togs,
When we asked for better laws,
They got angry without cause,
And told us to go back home and slop the hogs.

Cho.

See the guilty profiteer
How he trembles with great fear,
For he knows we've put his partners all to flight.
He has seen what we can do,
And he knows when we get thru,
That for him 'twill be a mighty long good night.

Cho.

THERE'S SOMETHIN' A-DOIN' IN DAKOTA

(Tune: They're Wearin' 'em Higher in Hawaii)

Jerry Sawyer was a lawyer,
Smooth and sharp and slick,
Who was hired by Old Big Biz
To kill that League off quick.
So he went out to the west.
"I'll show them rubes," he said.
But one day he sent a message—
"Comin' back," it read.
You'd say the same if you were here with me.

Cho.

For there's somethin' a-doin' in Dakota,
Things are surely movin' in Dakota.
The beautiful snow and western scenes
Are not the only sights, you'll see, by any means
For the farmers here are on the war path.
They simply take your breath away.
When you see them and the way they do
You will ask what's to become of you?
For there's somethin' a-doin' in Dakota,
It's gettin' worse, gettin' worse, every day.

Once the gangsters sent the farmers
Home to slop their shoats,
Then the farmers clubbed together,
Bought that N. P. goat.
He cost each one sixteen plunks
But they don't care a mite.
'Cause when it comes to lickin' him,
Old kaiser Bill—good night.
It ain't no use, our cake is dough, old pal.

Cho.

WISE OLD BOYS

(Tune: "Casey Jones")

Come all you people if you want to hear
How the farmers got rid of the profiteer;
Of the Sucker's Club and the Townley clan,
As the boys were called by the same old gang.
We wanted to farm, but we couldn't see how
While the gang milked us while we milked the cow.
But the boys got wise to the grafter's game
And started into raising a fine crop of Cain.

Cho.

Wise old boys were Dakota farmers
When they found out the grafters game.
The old gang couldn't steal their profits
When they started into raising a fine crop of Cain.

The boys stuck together with "We'll Stick" glue,
They said, "We are going to see this thing thru.
We know their game and have called their bluff,
They have fooled the farmers plenty long enough."
The old gang sees that it ain't no josh,
We said we'd stick and we did, b'gosh!
The N. P. goat has them all on the run,
And boys, let me tell you they are goin' some.

Cho.

The Old Gang hollers, but it ain't no use.
They ain't got nothin' but a poor excuse.
So we'll go ahead with a right good will,
And enact our program and build our mill.
The Kept Press bunch is in a stew,
"And wonder what next we will do.
What is the end?" is the grafter's cry.
Then the farmers answer as they wink their eye.

Last Cho.

Poor old boys, what's the use to holler?
Smart old boys, doff that hard boiled shirt,
Go and buy overalls and jacket,
Hike right out and do some honest work.

ALL ONE FELLOW CAN DO

(Tune, Long Boy)

He was just a long slim country jay,
His name was Townley, and they say,
Lived on a farm away out west,
And tried to do his very best;
But one thing mighty quick he found,
That speculators did abound.
So he started out one summer's day
And all his neighbors heard him say.

Cho.

Good-bye cow, good-bye plow,
I've tried to farm but I don't see how.
The guys who handle what we raise
Are the ones who find that farming pays,
For when we sell our wheat, you know,
The grade is poor, the price is low.
I'll start a League and win out, too,
And that's about all one fellow can do.

So he started out to organize,
The grafters opened up their eyes,
For when election came 'round,
The farmers won each place they found.
The good old League was working fine
And farmer boys marched down the line,
Then in the box their ballots cast
And nailed their colors to the mast.

Cho.

The farmers stuck and now out there
You'll see their governor in the chair.
All other states join in the line,
Just jump right in the water's fine.

We sent Baer down to a congress seat,
The N. P. League just can't be beat.
The politicians yelled: "she's dead"
But all the farmers laughed and said:

Good-bye cow, good-bye plow,
You'd like to win but you don't see how.
The farmer boys have got the votes
And also got that N. P. goat.
So Kept Press papers don't you fear,
We'll hang you up for a souvenir
Of the days gone by when the old gang ruled
And farmers easy to be fooled.

"The Old Gang gets an awful pain
Where goes your coin? is their refrain,
You're rubes and suckers, green as grass,
But the farmers smile and let it pass.
They know why the Gang bunch holler so,
They're wise to the fact who got their dough.
So while the grafters squeal today,
The farmers wink their eye and say:

Good-bye cow, good bye plow,
We tried to farm but we don't see how.
The guys who handle what we raise
Are the ones who find that farming pays.
For when we sell our grain, you know,
The grade is poor, the price is low.
We'll stick to the League and win out, too,
And we should worry what you guys do.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

MOVIN' ALONG

Do not let any body disturb you,
Do not listen to those who may jeer,
Just go straight ahead in your purpose,
And you will win out, never fear;
For he who succeeds in endeavor,
Is the one who with jest or with song
Never stops by the wayside to linger,
But each day keeps "movin' along."

If a task you think hard now confronts you
And you feel that it might as well wait
To be finished until the tomorrow,
You're the one who will always be late;
Just roll up your sleeves and get at it
You will find it won't take very long
And the work for the day is all over
Just because you kept "movin' along."

Success does not come in a day, friends
If it did, it would not be worth while,
And reverses may even prove blessings.
If we can o'ercome them and smile;
So go on your way unassuming.
Tho perhaps you may do a thing wrong,
You are worth a lot more for the doing,
Just because you kept "movin' along."

Some day when your work is over,
And you lie down forever to rest,
Your eyes will perceive heaven's portals,
The beautiful home of the blest.
Then may-be you'll think you're not worthy,
Because you had often done wrong;
But the Master will say: "Faithful servant,
Welcome home; you've kept "movin' along."

THE OLD VALENTINE

As I rummaged thru the attic
On a snowy winter's day,
I espied a chest of relics
Placed there in some by-gone day.
I sat down to look them over,
Treasures of an olden time.
At the bottom I discovered
An old-fashioned valentine.

Dim and faded were its covers
That had once with splendor shone,
Worn and spotted were its pages
From its sojourn there alone.
But it bore this tender message:
"I am sending, Sweetheart Mine,
This to ask you one small question,
Will you be my Valentine?"

As I read this tender missive
In my heart I pondered this:
Who had sent it on its journey?
Who received it, with a kiss?
Why had it been fondly cherished
And with treasures laid away?
Valentines of far more beauty
Can be purchased any day.

Little tender loving message,
Let me ponder as I will,
Why you've been so fondly cherished,
You shall keep your secret still;
So I'll tenderly replace you
In the place where many years
You've been lying unmolested,
Unaware of smiles and tears.

WINTER'S HERE

The swallows have flown
To their far southern home ;
The wintry winds blow loud and chill ;
The roses have died,
That once were my pride,
And leave but their memories still.

“Jack Frost” thru the night,
Paints our windows in white,
With a skill that no artist has shown.
And the wild goose’s cry,
As he goes sailing by,
Will tell us that summer has gone.

The trees in the breeze,
Quickly shed all their leaves,
And scatter them over the ground ;
Of the beautiful flowers,
That scented the bowers,
Not a trace of their fragrance is found.

The snow soft and light,
Robes our earthland in white,
As it silently falls from the sky ;
Tho it makes some hearts sad,
It makes others feel glad,
As the children skip merrily by :

“Old Winter” is here
With his pleasures so dear,
For autumn is now on the wane ;
But when he has gone,
You’ll hear the bird’s song,
And spring will be with us again.

SONG OF THE NEW YEAR

Here I come, here I come;
Over mountain and snow
Tripping gayly and swiftly
Where ever I go.
I sing a glad song
And I bring you good cheer;
Who am I? Don't you know?
I'm the joyous New Year.

In the night, ere 'twas light,
I was sent on my way,
To meet you, and greet you,
And wish you good day:
I am merry and free,
And I love children dear.
Now you know who I am,
I'm the Happy New Year.

THE PRAIRIES

The prairies seem so lonely like
To some, but not to me;
I think they are the only place
Where I could happy be;
Here in my little old sod shack
I lead a peaceful life;
And have no need to feel alarm
At this world's care and strife.

The people here live far apart,
For miles and miles around,
There's naught save lonely prairies,
Or perhaps you hear the sound
Of a coyote calling to his mate,
Upon some distant hill,
Or a hoot owl's screech as he flits past
Then every-thing is still.

I love the rolling prairies,
Where the wind blows wild and free;
None of your crowded city homes,
Or big hotels for me;
I want to live a lonely life,
Upon the prairie sod;
It seems to me that I am here,
Much nearer to my God.

HARVEST TIME

See the golden yellow grain
Waving in the fields,
With the sunshine and the rain,
Earth, her bounty yields;
Soon will come the sickles keen
Cutting far and near,
Soon the reapers will be seen—
Harvest time is here.

First, a little blade of green,
Coming thru the ground,
Next the rows can just be seen,
Soon, the heads are found;
Keeps on growing all the time
Till from far and near,
Come the reapers; that's the sign,
Harvest time is here.

Birds are singing in the trees,
Shadows come and go,
Sighing soft the summer breeze
Seems to murmur low:
"See the sky so balmy blue,
Children, do not fear;
It is God who cares for you"—
Harvest time is here.

THERE IS NO GOD

“There is no God”; can you say this,
While gazing on the ocean wide,
Capped by its billows foamy white,
Bound by its ever surging tide?

“There is no God;” can you say this,
Then see the bright and shining sun
That sends his beams down from on high,
Then sinks to rest as day is done?

“There is no God;” can you say this,
Then see the lilies, pure and fair,
And breath in rapture long and deep,
Their wafted perfume everywhere?
There is no God; can you say this,
Then look upon a little child—
A blessing sent from heav’n above—
Its spirit sweet and undefiled?

There is a God, each singing bird,
Proclaims it all the long day thru,
“There is a God,” replies each wave,
That dances on the ocean blue;
Each little flower that seeks the sun,
Or nestles in its leafy bed,
Lifts up its voice in silent praise
To a kind Father overhead.

Each rainbow bright, that tints the sky,
With many a wondrous varied hue,
Each star that twinkles thru the night
And flecks with gold the heavens’ blue,
Each tiny living breathing thing
That has its home on sea or land,
Show us in ways both wise and great,
The workings of a Master’s hand.

There is a God ; the mighty oak
Proclaims it on each wind that sighs,
“There is a God” replies the sun,
Then tints with radiance the skies ;
Is there a God? Ah, yes, indeed !
That soul is but a worthless clod
Who looking on these wondrous things
Can still repeat : “There is no God.”

A WHITE HEART

I think Bill Smith's the meanest boy
That lives here in our town ;
He's always teasing someone
And he's always hanging 'round.
He is freckled faced and homely
And his clothes are never clean,
Yes, he is just the baddest boy
That lives in Willow Green.

He took my brand new dolly,
(Her name is Hildegard)
And threw her way up in a tree
That stands in our back yard.
I couldn't get her down again,
No matter how I tried,
So I sat down upon the ground
And cried, and cried, and cried.

Now little Jimmy Johnson
Is as black as he can be ;
And mamma never in this world,
Would let him play with me ;
But when he saw me crying there
He sort o' pitied me,
And said : "What is the matter, Miss?"
For he was kind, you see.

And when I had explained to him,
He ran into the barn,
And got a ladder, and climbed up,
And brought my doll from harm ;
So now I have been thinking,
And I know that I am right.
Altho his face is colored,
I am sure his heart is white.

STRIKE OUT INTO PATHS WHICH ARE NEW

My boy, you are going to leave us,
To embark on the Ocean of Life;
You'll be tempted by visions of pleasure,
You'll be tossed on the billows of strife;
You'll be jeered at and mocked by the many,
You'll be cheered up and helped by the few.
But fear not, my lad, for the outcome,
Strike out into paths which are new.

Do not stand by and wait for some leader
To mark out the way to be trod,
But make of yourself a pathfinder,
Strike out o'er the unbroken sod.
And millions shall follow your footsteps
Because you were not to be scared;
Remember the world's great achievements
Were accomplished because men have dared.

Do not wait for applause to be given,
If you do you will waste precious days;
Remember a friend's criticism
Is far more than a flatterer's praise,
For it takes those who love us to tell us
How our actions and ways we can mend.
So be ready and anxious to listen
To the kindly advice of a friend.

Success may not come at your bidding,
Nor wealth ever knock at your door;
But if you have health, food and raiment,
What need could a king have for more?
Then wealth often brings discontentment
Along with its blessings to you.
So go on your way, never stopping
Strike out into paths which are new.

My boy, don't forget to be honest,
In all that you do and you say ;
And trust to the Father above us
To keep you and guide you each day.
Tho life at times seem long and weary,
Too soon its sun fades in the west,
So envy no man, do the best you can
And God will attend to the rest.

THE TEMPTER

I'll give to you a wonderful ship,
A ship that shall brave the sea,
No matter how fierce is the storm king's wrath
It shall ever return to thee,
All laden with riches from foreign clime—
This wonderful ship shall all be thine.

I'll give you a mansion, fair to see,
A mansion of silver and gold;
Its windows shall shine as a diamond fine
And its splendors can never be told,
For all that is richest and rarest in art,
To deck that mansion shall have a part.

I'll give you a chest filled with yellow gold,
An old and an honored name;
Where ever you go shall the trumpet blow,
All people shall learn of your fame.
As poet, writer, whatever you choose,
Just name the word and I'll chain the muse.

I'll give you rubies as red as blood,
Or a necklace of pearls, so rare
Its mate can't be found the whole world round,
Tho you sought for it everywhere.
All these and more will I give to thee,
If thou wilt bow down and worship me.

I'll give to you—but you shake your head
As you solemnly answer no.
You will not be sold for the sake of gold
And you angrily bid me go.
But before I leave I have this to say,
You were wise to refuse; you'd have had to pay.

You'd have had to pay in a thousand ways,
For the reckless decision of youth,
You'd have shed bitter tears thru the passing years
And have begged me to let you loose.
And then when you reached the end of the goal
You'd have lost your all when you lost your soul.

LOOK FORWARD

Look forward, send no glance behind,
Where past mistakes are lying ;
To such, my friend, give not regret.
The days are swiftly flying,
And while you linger to recall
Some past mishap or other
Right past you to the goal will climb
A more successful brother.

Look forward tho the way be long,
And shadows gather round you ;
Press onward to the victor's goal,
Let doubt nor fear confound you.
To him that overcometh, shall
The victor's crown be given.
And when Life's work has been well done,
A glorious home in Heaven.

REFUGE

Each evening at the twilight hour,
The golden stars appear;
Bright jewels from a land afar,
They beckon to me here.
And in my dreams, sometimes it seems
I climb the golden stairs,
And view that land of fairer scenes,
Reached by our earthly prayers.

And when my toil on earth is done,
With portals opened wide,
There at the setting of the sun
He'll welcome me inside.
Tho storms may beat and billows roar
My ship has stood the test
And anchored safe on Heavens' shore,
My soul shall be at rest.

THE CHILDREN'S DAY

How do the children begin the day?
Little bare feet on the stairs a-pattering,
Sweet little voices so merrily chattering;
With tousled heads and tangled curls,
They run to meet me, my boys and girls.
"Good morning, mamma, we are dressed, you see,
And are just as hungry as we can be."
Thus the children begin the day.

How do the children get ready for school?
Hurrying, scurrying all the time,
For they have to be there ere the stroke of nine;
And I must follow them all around,
For coats and caps can never be found.
A hustle and bustle or they'll be late,
Then a last loud bang of the garden gate:
And the children are off to school.

How do the children come home from school?
I hear the patter of little feet,
Running so swiftly down the street;
The door flies open, as with a shout,
I hear them saying: "school is out."
Then: "Good-bye, mamma, we're going to play,
With Johnny Jones across the way,"
And the children are home from school.

How do the children go to sleep?
Little evening prayers are said,
Then they cuddle themselves in their downy bed;
Soon the sandman comes with a drowsy song
And takes the little ones along,
To Dreamyland in Sleepy town—
And silence reigns supreme around,
For the children are fast asleep.

Up in the morning before the sun,
Busy and happy thruout the day—
Finding time for work and time for play,
Running so gayly off to school,
Not always minding the teacher's rule.
Just the natural kind of girls and boys
Sharing each others cares and joys—
And another long day is done.

Dear little children, all day thru
What do you know of this world's pain?
Oh, to be young like you again,
Never a woe, nor grief nor sorrow,
Never a thot of the next tomorrow ;
Would that I were one half as bold,
This is the crime of growing old,
We can never be as trusting as you.

DAKOTA

Where the wild wind sweeps the prairies
Stretching out towards the west,
Lies the region of Dakota,
It's the place I love the best,
Warm and bright Dakota's sunshine,
And her skies are always blue,
Brave and strong her sons and daughters
With their hearts so staunch and true.

Tell me not of sunlit gardens,
In some glorious tropic clime;
Tell me not of scenes of grandeur,
Fashioned by the hands of time.
I prefer these rolling prairies,
Nature's richest, greatest boon.
Give to me the scent of grasses
And the sweet wild roses' bloom.

For there's this about Dakota
And I've often wondered why,
You will love her when you see her,
And you'll love her till you die,
For there's something in this country
Sets a person's soul aflame,
And it makes you feel like living
Every time you hear her name.

Did you ever see the sun set
Like a great big ball of fire
Sinking lower, lower, lower,
Till at last he's gone entire?
And he sends up gorgeous colors,
Blue, and purple, red, and green;
That's a sunset in Dakota,
And a finer can't be seen.

Did you ever hear the wind sigh
Soft and mournful, sweet and low,
Till it seems someone is calling
And you feel you've got to go?
Then it keeps on getting higher
Like some master at the bow
Till it takes you straight to heaven
And you'd like to stay, I know.

Oh, Dakota, bright Dakota,
Queen of all the golden West.
A new day for you is dawning,
Bravely you have stood the test
At the glorious Gate of Progress
You shall stand, arms outstretched wide
And with head held high and smiling
You shall welcome folks inside.

MAKE BELIEVE

There's a wonderful place, I have heard folks tell,
Called the land of Make Believe.
Where the sun shines down from a cloudless sky,
And there's never a sorrow, nor tear nor sigh,
Nor any one has to grieve.

And the people who live in Make Believe,
Are the kind that you want to know ;
For they laugh and sing the whole day long,
No matter if things go right or wrong,
Ill temper they never show.

Then come let us hie to that wonderful place,
Where sorrow we never need fear ;
But you don't have to go to some distant land,
Where the sun shines down on the golden strand
You can make believe right here.

HOPE

'Twixt the sunset and the starlight,
'Twixt the sunshine and the rain,
'Twixt the shadow and the darkness,
'Twixt the happiness and pain,
There's a little form comes stealing,
Bidding us, "be of good cheer;
There's a better day a-coming,"
And we know that Hope is here.

Many are the weary trav'lers,
Who have reached the victor's goal,
After they had ceased to struggle,
Till Hope whispered to their soul:
"Don't give up, keep on a-going,
You will get there by and by.
See, the road is growing shorter,
You can win out, if you try."

Just a little word of kindness,
But the glorious help it brings,
When you're feeling sad and weary.
How with joy her sweet voice rings,
As you make the final struggle,
And climb up the highest hill,
She exclaims: "Your journey's ended;
Courage Brother, all is well."

DAYS OF LONG AGO

The autumn breeze is sighing,
The leaves are turning red;
The summer days are flying,
The roses all are dead;
And by my cottage window,
I watch the fading beams—
Of sunset's golden splendor,
Into the vale of dreams.

I see again the faces,
I loved in days of yore,
I see again the places
I'll never see no more,
My mother's voice is calling,
From out the golden glow;
The tears are softly falling,
For days of long ago.

THANKSGIVING HYMN

We thank Thee, Father, for Thy care
In this, the closing year;
As we now gather 'round the board
Of feasting, and good cheer.
For Thou hast ever been our guide,
Around us Thou hast flung
The sweet protection of Thy love.
To Thee this song is sung.

We sowed our seed and trusted Thee,
To send both sun and rain,
And now our barns are bursting,
With the newly ripened grain.
So now we lift our voices up
In a thanksgiving song,
For had we not Thy tender care
We could not live here long.

We thank Thee for Thy loving grace,
For oft afar we stray
But Thou in tenderness and love,
Dost find us by the way.
Look down upon us from on high,
And hear our earthly prayer,
Upon this day of thankfulness,
We thank Thee for Thy care.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Deserted and lone the old home stands
By the side of a dusty road ;
No merry laughter nor happy song,
Is heard in that drear abode.
No childish prattle nor busy feet
As in the days of yore,
But all is vacant and sad and still,
The old home is home no more.

The old gate swings on one rusty hinge
As it seems to beckon you ;
And the roses down by the garden path
Are dripping with fragrant dew.
But weeds are growing everywhere,
And the old place looks forlorn,
With tearful face I gaze upon—
The place where I was born.

There many happy days were spent
When all of us were young,
We gathered 'round with glowing hearts
And happy songs we've sung,
'Twas little then we knew of care,
We thought not of the morrow,
Those days with peace and joy were filled,
How could we dream of sorrow?

Then one sad day our father died ;
The old home must be sold,
We gathered 'round our mother, dear,
Our grief could not be told.
Dear brother John in his manly way,
With his heart so staunch and true,
Said : "Mother, darling, do not cry
For I'll take care of you."

So we sold the home we had loved so well,
And moved a long, long way.
I have never seen the old place since,
Until I returned today,
And this awful ruin meets my eyes,
That was once my childhoods home,
For strangers own it who do not care,
Tho it stands here all alone.

Farewell old Home, I must leave you now,
You are home no more to me;
I have journeyed far to gaze upon,
The place you used to be.
But this that will ever stay with me,
No matter where I roam,
The saddest sight in this wide, wide world,
Is an old deserted home.

WINTER IS HERE

"Winter is here," the snowbirds say,
As they fly around our doors, each day,
Looking for something good to eat,
A crumb of bread, or a grain of wheat,
Then, breakfast over, away they go
Singing so cheerily thru the snow.
While you are sitting so cozy and warm
Think of the birdies out in the storm.

"Winter is here," the schoolboys say;
And when school is over they love to play,
In the drifting snow, so pure and white,
And all engage in a snowball fight;
Then, tired of that, make an old snow man,
Each tries to do the best he can.
"With a pipe in his mouth and a hat on his head,
My! Don't he look fine?" all the kiddies said.

"Winter is here," the lover cries;
And happiness dancing in her eyes,
His Sweetheart gets ready to take a ride,
With the one she loves best sitting at her side;
A crack of the whip and away they go
Over the beautiful road of snow,
And you hear the merry sleigh bells chime.
Ah, best of all is the winter time.

"Winter is here," the widow sighs;
As she sadly looks at the cloudy skies;
There is little to eat, and plenty to buy,
And her fatherless little ones 'round her cry.
The snow is not a pleasant sight
To one who must struggle with all her might,
To keep the wolf away from her door;
So when it is winter remember the poor.

Dear little birdie out in the snow,
Singing a gay song wherever you go;
Schoolboy so busy and happy at play,
Never a sorrow or care all the day,
Lover and sweetheart, enjoying your ride,
Widow with little ones near by your side,
This is my prayer, when the dark shadows fall
God in his mercy will watch over all.

A FAREWELL

The time has come for us to part,
Perhaps 'twill be forever;
But true shall ever be my heart,
And I'll forget you never.
The many happy hours we've spent
Will fondest memories be,
But while I'm far away, sweetheart,
Will you remember me?

The time has come to say "farewell,"
I see tears in your eyes,
But He who doeth all things well,
Will look down from the skies,
Watch o'er and guide us every day
While we strive for victory,
So till I come back home again
Will you be true to me?

YOUR MOTHER

One friend you have, my boy,
Whose heart is ever true;
Her love will always be the same,
No matter what you do.
When you were but a child,
She watched with tender care
To see that harm should ne'er befall
Her boy, her darling fair.

She shared each childish woe,
She brushed your tears away;
Then kissed each bump to make it well
And sent you forth to play.
Your fondest hopes she shared,
Your friends were her friends too;
She was the best pal that you had,
A mother, fond and true.

So now that you have grown,
To manhood's grand estate,
Why don't you write a letter home,
Before it is too late?
'Twill cheer her careworn heart;
You'll never find another,
Who'll care one half as much for you,
As your best friend, your Mother.

ONE BY ONE

One by one the shadows fall,
Over all the hill and dale,
Bringing darkness on apace,
As night lowers down her veil.

One by one the stars appear,
Tiny gems up in the sky,
Lighting up the travelers' way,
As they shine down from on high.

One by one the roses die,
Growing by the garden wall,
As their beauty starts to fade,
One by one the petals fall.

One by one the days go by,
Full of sunshine, or of rain,
One by one the moments fly,
Filled with happiness or pain.

One by one the sands of life,
Thru the hour glass swiftly run;
One by one each soul is born,
One by one we're gathered home.

LITTLE LOST SISTER

Little lost sister, come in from the cold,
I know your garments are tattered and old,
But you are wandering out in the storm
While in my home all is cozy and warm.

Little lost sister come out of the damp,
Tho you've been ruined by some worthless scamp,
Now he has left you to sorrow and shame,
But you alone dear, are not all to blame.

I know the World will condemn only one,
Teaches her children the poor girl to shun,
While to her partner the door's opened wide,
Gives him her daughter to be his fair bride.

List, little sister, a tale I'll unfold,
Once in a garden, the Eden of old,
Two people sinned when evil begun.
But did the Father condemn only one?

Ah no, two had sinned, so two had to go
Out of the garden to sadness and woe,
Tho the man answered, "the woman's to blame
God made him share in her sorrow and shame.

Two persons had sinned so two had to die,
And that curse has followed the people for aye.
The Father was wise, full well did he know
That two were to blame, so he bade them both go.

Little lost sister you've wandered astray
From your dear mother and home far away,
But I will help you; no, no, do not cry,
But for God's grace dear, it might have been I.

SOME GOOD ADVICE

It ain't no use to pine an' fret,
If things ain't to your liking.
Just whistle, smile, or sing a while
An' send the troubles hiking;
For just as sunshine, warm an' bright
Will send the rain away,
A smile will chase the sorrows off,
Just try it once, some day.

There's just one thing for you to do
An' soon you'll be a-winning,
Then you will laugh at those small trials
That came at the beginning
An' that is get right out an' work
An' do your own full share
An' you will meet Success half way,
I know for I've been there.

WHERE THE LEAGUE BEGINS

(Preface to Modern Hiawatha)

Are you feeling sad and weary,
Do the skies look dull and gray?
Do the hours seem long and dreary
As you toil from day to day?
Are you giving up the struggle
'Cause you know you cannot win?
Cheer up, brother, help is coming,
That's where our League will begin.

It will lift the heavy burdens,
You have borne for many years,
As you struggled on life's journey,
Thru this vale of smiles and tears;
It will make the days seem brighter,
Than they've ever been before,
It will lead you on to victory,
And will open wide the door.

There are many brother toilers,
Who will lend a helping hand,
Till you reach the shores of plenty,
'Tis a feeling great and grand,
That if we will stick together,
All our battles we shall win.
And united grow and prosper,
That's where our League will begin.

Modern Hiawatha

Dedicated to

A. C. TOWNLEY

*President National Non-Partisan
League*

PROLOGUE

Where the wild wind sweeps the prairies,
Stretching out toward the westward,
Lies the land of the Dakotas.
Rain and sunshine fall in blessing,
On her broad and fertile prairies;
As an oasis in the desert,
Is the land of the Dakotas.

In the land of the Dakotas
Lie the homes of many farmers,
They who toil in rain or sunshine,
That the world may not go hungry,
There they dwell in sweet contentment,
Each a brother to his neighbor,
Willing hands and ready footsteps,
Ever stand to help each other.

Would you like to hear the story
Of the farmers organizing?
How they beat the politicians,
How they overthrew Big Business,
And evolved a legislature,
By and thru and for the people,
Till the world looked on in wonder,
And the many grafters trembled;
For they knew the mighty movement
Soon would overspread the nation;
Reach the stronghold of their masters,
Sweeping them all into the discard;
Then rejoiced the common people,
For they knew it meant their freedom,
From the fetters that had bound them,
Like a slave chained to the galley.

PART I.—THE UPRISING

In the land of the Dakotas
Farmers bravely toiled and struggled,
For to make a meager living,
For themselves and all their loved ones,
But it seemed fate was against them,
Then their homes they had to mortgage,
Till another crop was gathered.
In the fall the price was lowered
By the ring of speculators;
But the farmer, poor and needy,
Had to sell to pay the interest,
Else his homestead would be taken.

Years passed on, and still the farmers,
Had to bear the heavy burden,
Of a low price for their products,
And a high price on each purchase,
Till with heads bowed down and weary,
They were gathered to their fathers.
Many times in country churchyard,
I have stood among the headstones,
And have thought had truth been spoken,
You would bear a different legend.
Such as "killed by legal bandits,"
"Murdered by a rotten system."

To the land of the Dakotas,
Came a stranger, lank and tallish,
Bought a place of many acres,
Settled down to be a farmer.
But his grain died down and withered;
There was little rain that summer,
And the ring of speculators
Put the finish to his farming.

It was then he had a vision ;
Saw a mighty League of farmers
Standing up for right and justice
In the interest of the people.

So he said unto his neighbor :
“We must organize, my brother,
To protect ourselves from grafters ;
We must form a league of farmers,
Aided by all working people.
Profiteers grow fat and flourish
On the earnings of the people,
We can have no say, my brother,
In the selling or the buying,
But accept the price they offer
And pay out the price demanded ;
While they live at ease and plenty
We, ourselves are poor and needy ;
Tho we toil thruout the summer,
There's more profit in the handling,
Since the price is three times doubled
After it has left the farmer.
This henceforth shall be my mission,
Join the farmers all together,
Break the ring of speculators,
Overthrow the thieving grafters,
Who have fattened on our labor.
Set the shining light of Progress,
In the place of Special privilege.
I will go thruout the country
Call the people all together.”

So he traveled with his message,
Penniless he tramped the prairies,
Oft times he was laughed and jeered at
But his brave heart never faltered,

Tho his feet grew sore and weary,
He kept telling of his message.
And the farmers listened to him.
Well they knew the rotten system
That had robbed them of their earnings.
And their wives grown sad, disheartened,
By so many years of toiling,
Smiled upon the noble stranger,
Who had brought the cheering message,
And the little children gathered
Round his knee that they might listen
All the better to his teachings.

And the movement grew and flourished,
Like unto the mighty oak tree,
Once a tiny little sapling,
Now the monarch of the forest,
Leaders of their kind the greatest,
Came to help to spread the doctrine,
Men of broad and wisest visions,
Who could see into the future,
And knew what the thing portended.

Then arose a mighty clamor,
In the stronghold of the mighty,
In the citadel of business,
Like their nobler, wiser brothers,
They knew what the thing portended,
And they cared not to remember
Other moves made by the people.
Then "Big Biz," a mighty warrior,
Called his henchmen all together,
Told them : "Go among the people,
Sowing strife, and hate and discord ;
Call the farmers fools and suckers,
If they listen to this doctrine,

Call their leaders agitators,
Who will lead them to destruction ;
Tell the workers that the farmers,
Want to fatten on their labors.
Go my helpers, tried and steady
For our royal rights are threatened."

Then arose a mighty warfare,
Twixt the farmers and the grafters,
Tho no blood was shed in conflict
It was not a whit less deadly.
On the one side stood the farmers,
Battling for their rights and justice.
On the other side the grafters,
Fighting for their thieving masters.
At the polls the war was settled,
By the mighty weight of ballots,
And the farmers, brave and steady,
With their League came out triumphant.

Thus it was the farmers conquered,
With the cry, "We'll stick together,
Every brother to his neighbor."
They withstood the mighty onrush,
That against them was directed,
They escaped the stream of poison,
Carried by the bought-up papers,
And emerged a loyal people,
Brave, and true and strong united,
In the common cause of justice.

From the land of the Dakotas,
Quickly spread the farmers' movement,
Carrying with it hope and courage,
To the host of common people,
Bending down beneath the burden,

Placed upon them by big business,
Carrying with it fear and trembling,
To the profiteers and grafters,
For they know the mighty movement
Means the finish to their stealing.

PART II.—THE PROPHECY

In the citadel of business,
Are the profiteers and grafters,
They who prey upon the workers,
On the farms and in the cities.
All who labor for their living,
Must submit to their extortion.
There they gamble on the products,
Raised by farmers' toil and sweating,
Piling wealth up by the millions.
Enemies of all the people,
Are these profiteers and grafters.

When they saw the great uprising,
Of the farmers and the workers,
Saw them join their hands together,
In a mighty band of toilers,
Watched them as they made new rulings,
Benefiting all the people,
Saw the leaders of their choosing,
Faithful to each single promise;
Found that they could not be purchased
By the promise of much money,
Then they knew their days were numbered.

Then arose a mighty warrior,
He whom people call Big Business,
Hero of a thousand battles,
And he said unto his hirelings:

“Like that ancient king of history,
I, too, shall seek out the prophet,
One who dwells in hidden places,
Reads the signs and knows their meanings,
And can tell us of the future,
And of how to fight this movement.
I’ll confess I’m sorely troubled
At the way this thing is spreading
And would learn how to combat it,
Ere it brings me down in ruin.”

So he went among the caverns,
Far he traveled on his journey,
Seeking out the lonely prophet.
Then at last he came upon him,
Sitting by his open doorway
In the coolness of the evening.
Long and flowing was his raiment,
Like unto the ancient wise men,
And his locks with age were whitened,
As the snowy drifts in winter.
When he saw Big Business near him,
He arose and bade him enter.

Then Big Business told his story,
And the reason for his coming.
How he’d fought the farmers’ movement,
Bought up all the Kept Press papers,
Sent them out with streams of poison,
Tried to stir up class dissension,
Twixt the farmers and the workers,
How the movement grew and prospered,
Till at last it culminated
In a victory for the farmers,
And he knew not how to quell it.
Then he said unto the prophet,

“I have heard of you, my father,
Of the wisdom of your sayings,
And I’m asking you to aid me.
Gold has been of little purpose,
In my handling of this question
For their leaders can’t be purchased.”

Then the wise man, old and hoary,
Closed his eyes in meditation,
While Big Business watched and waited.
Soon a change came o’er the prophet;
He was looking on a vision,
Saw the ranks of struggling workers,
Saw the hordes of half-fed children,
Saw their plight and heard their wailing;
And the wise man watched and pondered.

Then he saw the mass of farmers,
Bending down beneath the burden,
Placed upon them by Big Business;
Saw them toil thruout the summer
Raising food to feed the nation,
Saw them when the crop was gathered
Get a pittance for their labors,
Saw the prices doubled, trebled,
After it had left the farmers.
Watched them form an organization,
That would free them from extortion;
Saw their hands held out in welcome
To their other brother toilers;
Saw them join their hands together,
Working for the good of nations.

Then he saw another picture,
Saw Big Biz with all his henchmen,
Swoop down on the farmers’ movement,

Heard them call the farmers traitors,
To their God, their flag and country,
Watched Big Business persecute them,
Saw them hounded like usurpers,
Saw them beaten, tarred and feathered;
And the wise man looked and wondered.

Then he looked upon Big Business,
Saw a man grown rich by stealing,
From the farmers and the workers.
And he spake these words unto him :
"See that fiery band of crimson,
Lighting up the skies at midnight,
How each night it grows the brighter,
Drawing thrones into the maelstrom,
Casting kings into the discard,
Forcing nations in the whirlpool,
Of the angriest of waters."

"From the west there comes a roaring
Like a mighty rush of waters,
Sweeping everything before it.
In the east I hear a roaring,
Like a thousand hungry lions,
As the angry masses mutter.
Just one thing can stop this onrush,
'Tis the League ye are condemning,
Formed of law-abiding farmers,
And their brothers in the cities.
By the mighty weight of ballots,
They have solved the workers' problem;
Would ye have them win by blood shed?"

"Who are ye to try to dictate
To the farmers of their joining?
Have ye been a friend unto them?
Have ye helped them in their struggle?"

Have ye been a brother to them?
Nay, speak not, I know the answer.
Like an octopus your tendrils
Have reached out to crush the people,
In their buying or their selling,
You've compelled them to pay tribute.
Like some great and monstrous giant,
Ye have sat upon their shoulders,
Lashed them with the whip of Commerce,
Forcing them to do your bidding.
Ye have taken, taken, taken,
But to them have given nothing."
Weep, most selfish of all grafters,
For the time has come for reck'ning,
As you've dealt shall ye be dealt with,
Even to the utmost farthing.
Ye who've sat in highest places,
Shall step down among the masses,
Ye have been weighed in the balance
And have been found sadly wanting."

"Ye have villified the farmer
Noblest of all Nature's workmen,
Ye have called him a base traitor
When he won his fight for justice,
Ye have seen your brothers' struggles,
Heard his famished children wailing,
For a crust to curb their hunger
And your hand refused to succor.
What cared ye tho they shall perish?

"Ye have sullied that bright banner,
Emblem of our homes and country,
As a shield to hide your purpose;
Ye have used the name of Lincoln,
Loved and honored thru the nation,

As the friend of common people;
Ye have done these things I tell ye
As a clock to hide your doings.
Shame! ye do not know its meaning.”
“Then ye come to me, a prophet,
Asking how to quell this movement
That now threatens your oppression,
Purse-proud autocrat take warning;
This indeed shall be thy downfall,
Did'st I left my hand to stem it,
I would feel myself polluted,
'Tis a movement of the masses,
Made to better their condition,
And as such it cannot falter.”

“From the lands of the Pacific;
To the great Atlantic Ocean,
Shall the farmers' movement flourish,
Ever onward be its message.
As a shining star 'twill beckon,
Guiding on the struggling masses,
To the glorious light of freedom.”

“As the holy leader, Moses,
Led God's children out of Egypt,
To the beautiful land of Canaan,
So shall this great leader, Townley,
Lead the people out of bondage,
Unto economic freedom.
Bravely has he faced the onset,
Ye have made against his teachings.
He has borne the brunt of battle
And emerged true and victorious.”

“ 'Tis no wonder that they love him,
Men like him are scarce in finding,

Ye have found ye could not buy him,
That is why you're disappointed.
He unto his trust is faithful,
He has proved an 'honest steward'."

"Ye have called his League seditious;
If that term is meant by lifting
Of the burden from the masses,
Teaching men to help each other
Overcome the foes of Progress,
Love the flag, obey its precepts,
Then indeed is it seditious."

"Ye have called the farmers traitors;
If that term is meant by raising
Food to feed the hungry nations,
Toiling in the heat of summer
That the crop may all be garnered,
Buying of the bonds of freedom
Till his pocket-book is empty,
Then the farmer is a traitor."

"Ye have called yourself a patriot;
If that term is meant by stealing,
Of the earnings from the people,
Living from the sweat of others,
Persecuting honest toilers,
Who have organized together,
That at last they might have justice,
Then indeed art thou a patriot."

"Now be gone thou brutal tyrant,
Scion of the king of liars,
Ere my temper overcomes me,
And I lay my hands upon thee,
In a manner most emphatic,
For your doom is now impending,

Soon shall your name be forgotten,
Save when men shall curse your memory.
Go unto your Kept Press hirelings,
Sink with them to deep oblivition,
Let all honest men avoid thee
Lest they suffer from pollution."

PART III.—THE ANSWER

When Big Business heard the message,
That was given by the prophet,
Found his hand had lost its cunning,
Knew his fondest hopes were blasted,
Heard his doom was now impending,
Heard the sentence placed upon him,
Then his heart was sorely troubled,
Just before him lay the darkness,
Of a chasm deep and deadly,
Hatred of the Common People;
And he knew not how to bridge it.

When Big Business, tired and weary,
Came again unto his stronghold,
He found all his friends assembled,
Keen to hear the news he brought them,
Then he said: "Friends, be not cheerful
Sad indeed has been my mission,
Soon the storm shall be upon us,
Lightnings' cruel dart shall pierce us;
Soon the torrents shall be pouring,
Vials of wrath about our shoulders,
Angry seas shall rage around us
Sweeping us into destruction."
"Many years we've had our warnings
In the murm'rings of the masses,
Hearing, we have failed to heed them.

I have one hope left, the farmer,
Who has caused this revolution,
I will go and reason with him,
As to why he seeks our ruin,
While he stood in single unit,
Well I knew he could not conquer,
But since he has joined together,
With so many of his brothers,
I have found I cannot worst him.
But I know he's long forbearing,
Many years has he been patient."

So he went unto the farmer,
Asked him why he sought his ruin,
They should live in peace together,
As they had for generations.
Then the farmers' face grew angry,
And he said unto Big Business:

"Many years have we been patient;
Many years we've borne the burden,
Ye have placed upon our shoulders,
Piling wealth up by the millions,
For the ones who stole our products,
Piling debts up by the millions,
For the ones who did the labor;
This no longer can continue,
One of us must surely perish;
And the burning torch of Progress,
Says, it shall not be the farmer."

"Ye have brought your own damnation;
Had ye listened to our pleadings,
Had ye heard our cries for justice,
Then ye would not suffer torment,
Patience ceased to be a virtue,

When ye turned your back upon us ;
Could we then stand idly dreaming,
While ye pillaged at your leisure?
Listen, whilst I tell a story
Lest per chance ye have forgotten."

"Long ago our brave forefathers,
Driven from their homes and country,
By the hand of dire oppression,
Braved the perils of the waters,
Seeking out a place of refuge ;
Hewed the logs to build their cabins,
Cleared the forests, raised the products,
That would save them from starvation.
Then, when this had been accomplished,
Once again the brutal tyrant,
Sought to snatch away their privileges ;
Things which all men hold as sacred.
Bravely then our fathers battled
For their rights, their homes and country
And ye know the consequences."

"Thus has it been with the farmer,
Bravely has he struggled onward,
Raising food to feed the nation,
Toiling thru the heat of summer,
Ever conscious of his duty.
Ye have been the dire oppressor ;
Taxed us with usurious interest,
Stolen from us all our profits
That your pockets might be bulging,
Yet ye say, "we have lived peaceful."

"In the Valley of Destruction,
Lie the bones of many farmers,
Who have died from your oppression,

There they testify in muteness
To the curse of your extortion.
Once our pioneer frontiersmen
They reclaimed these verdant prairies,
From their natural state of wildness,
Made them blossom as a garden.
Now they lie in desolation,
Thistles growing where stood homesteads,
All is sad, lone and deserted.
All this happened at your bidding,
Can ye say, we have lived peaceful?"
"As a scourge unto the people,
Have ye been in all your dealings,
As the pois'nous sting of serpent
Have ye been unto the farmer,
Why should we fear for your ruin?"

"As a fountain in the desert
Is the League unto the farmer,
At its side shall he gain knowledge,
Thus shall he avoid the pitfalls
Ye have placed to snare his footsteps.
Thus shall he avoid the pathways
That would lead him to destruction."

"Can we then forsake this movement?
Can we then give up our purpose?
Nay, nor could we rest in Heaven
If we sold for mess of pottage,
This, the birthright of our children;
This the heritage of millions
Who shall follow in their footsteps."

"When our hearts have stopped their beatings,
When our life blood ceases flowing,
When we lie cold, stark and helpless,

Then, shall we forget our purpose.
But as we have dropped the scepter
Shall our sons and daughters catch it,
As a treasure shall they guard it
Pass it on thru generations.'

Now the time has passed for quibbling,
Truth must stand tho foes assail it,
Hate has no part in our doctrine,
For we hate not our opponent,
As we toil to feed our bodies
Shall ye toil or else go hungry,
None shall eat unless he labors."
Far too long you've been a slacker,
Living by the sweat of others,
Fattening on your brother's labor.

"Ye may say that we have cursed ye,
But I answer ye in this wise,
'Tis no curse we place upon ye
Tho we've suffered from oppression,
But no more shall ye be masters
Lashing with the whip of Commerce
All who fail to do your bidding."
"We desire but our just portion
Of all wealth as we create it,
Of our rights shall none defraud us,

By the force of organization
Have ye ever fought the farmer;
By the force of organization
Shall the farmer be the victor.
With our other brother toilers
We'll clasp hands across the waters
In a world-wide League of Nations.
War shall hide itself in darkness,

Hate shall sink to deep oblivition
And with Peace, Good Will, and Plenty
Love shall rule o'er all the people."

END.

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